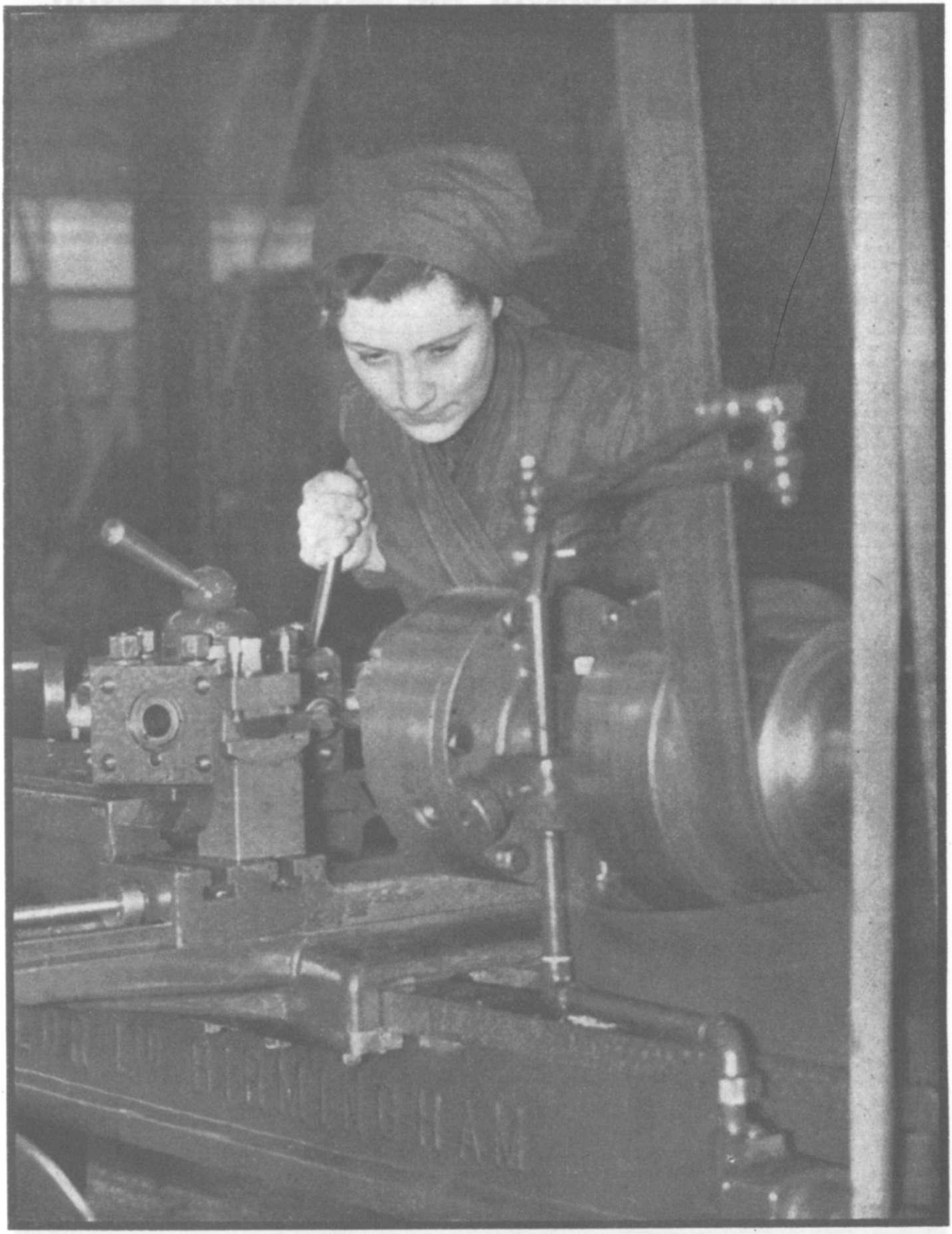


SHE FIGHTS FOR BRITAIN AT A MUNITIONS BENCH

Women munition workers—we have not yet called them Munitionettes as in the last war—can already be counted by thousands, but, as Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, has announced, industry will have to utilize women far more than it is doing at present, and it is expected that compulsory registration of the female population will soon be instituted. Our photograph shows one of the great army of young women who have already found their wartime vocation. Her husband is a prisoner of war in Germany, but she, who when she last went out to work made medicinal capsules, has now learnt to operate a lathe in a great munitions factory.

Photo, Planet News

Behind the Scenes of the Abyssinian Revolt

Leader of the British Military Mission which encouraged the Abyssinian Patriots in the province of Gojjam to revolt against the Italian invader is a British colonel who, with a heavy price on his head, has been operating in enemy territory for the past six months. Here we have his own story, as told to Reuter's Special Correspondent.

To obtain an eye-witness account of the revolt in Gojjam, Reuter's Special Correspondent travelled for many days from an advanced base, driving the first motor vehicle over the territory into the heart of the Western Abyssinian lowlands. Finally he had to abandon the car in a ravine before an uncrossable mountain range, and then he continued on foot for many miles through uninhabited bush and bamboo woods. At last he arrived, exhausted and in rags, at the meeting-place, where he was met by a British officer who greeted him with : " Good morning. Would you like a glass of beer ? " Then in a small hut made of grass and tree branches he interviewed the head of the mission, a bald and bespectacled colonel.

After describing the situation in Abyssinia following the Italian conquest in 1936, the colonel went on to tell how on the outbreak of war with Italy, Britain recognized Haile Selassie as Emperor and promised full support for the Ethiopian cause. Two months later the British military mission trekked in the rainy season through the fever-infested western Abyssinian lowlands, swimming swollen rivers, and succeeded in establishing themselves behind the fortified Italian line covering the Gojjam escarpment, with the object of making contact with the Ethiopian chiefs, advising them in the conduct of the war and arranging for the supply of arms and munitions.

After they had scaled the top of the mountain barrier and within two hours of the beginning of their first conference with Abyssinian chiefs, a large enemy force which was waiting for them behind a neighbouring hill began an encircling drive, whereupon the mission scrambled down the mountainside for safety.

Italian aircraft repeatedly swooped down and Italian troops machine-gunned them from the cliff above. However, the mission succeeded in getting through the Italian cordon and, although continually pursued, established its headquarters in the heart of the highlands, which resembled Scottish moors created by a giant hand, where cool winds rustled between heather ten feet high and 12-foot thistles grew like small trees, their purple blooms the size of prize chrysanthemums.

The first task of the mission was the distribution of Haile Selassie's proclamation calling on Abyssinians to unite against the Italians. Next they had to bring about a public reconciliation between dissident chiefs. The first two chiefs met in a coppice in the centre of a large plain, concealed from observation from the air, and embraced each other. This example led to a general sinking of differences between chiefs all over the province. They accepted the Emperor's proclamation, which was read out before assembled troops and the British mission, and the chieftains expressed their loyalty by kneeling and kissing the ground and celebrated by firing machine-guns.

The mission got into contact with leading chiefs in the east, who stirred up trouble for the Italians to such an extent that the eastern troops were not only contained there but had to be reinforced by troops from the west. But the Italian operations proved entirely lacking in thrust and drive ; all movement along the road was harassed by Patriot guerillas, and at the same time the R.A.F. bombed the Italian positions in Western Gojjam with the greatest effect. Finally, the speed of the Italian retreat from the Sudan frontier and the auspicious start of the British offensive brought home to the Ethiopians the realization that the moment when liberty might be restored was at hand.

ABYSSINIA and Italian East Africa as a whole are being assailed from every side. This contour map shows those parts in which the British and South African Forces with Abyssinian Patriots are taking the offensive. The white arrows indicate the direction of the advances by the British troops, and the broken white arrows, attacks on Italian aerodromes. In Eritrea Keren is invested ; on the west, Kurmuk, last of the Sudanese outposts captured by the Italians some months ago, was retaken on February 14 ; in the south the South Africans have invaded not only Abyssinia but Italian Somaliland, and by February 17 they were nearing the line of the Juba river.

Italy's First Victim Fights for Freedom

After the Italians conquered Abyssinia in 1936 they constructed over 2,000 miles of motor roads, but most of them are still in Italian hands. Such heavy lorries as these, with British crews and native guides, have, however, been able to make their way over the old tracks.

The first Ethiopian troops to enter Abyssinia, trained on British territory and officered by Australians, depended on camel transport for supplies. Above are some of the camels with their native guard and white officers during their trek of 200 miles. Centre, the O.C. studies a map of the route. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

'X.O.-6' Was the Greatest Battle of All

Some have called it "X.O.-6" because it took place in a blank space on the map ; to others it is the Battle of Soluk. But all agree that the last stand made by the Italians just after they had evacuated Benghazi was the greatest battle of the Libyan War. Below we give the story of the desperate struggle in the words of Alan Moorehead, "Daily Express" staff reporter at the front.

WHILE the Australians were marching into Benghazi, British armoured units, then lying nearly 200 miles away, south of Derna, were ordered to make a forced march straight across the desert, south of the "Green Mountains," to cut off the mass retreat of the Italians to Tripoli.

No army had ever crossed that wasteland before. Even Beduins seldom attempt it. Camel tracks lead nowhere. The British commanders set a compass course and led their convoys into action. They cut down their men's water ration to one glass daily. Everything was sacrificed to speed—even halts for sleep and food. There was only one Order of the Day, "Get to the coast."

"LIKE A BLOOMING RED INDIAN, EH?"
Cartoon by Zec, by courtesy of the "Daily Mirror"

A storm of full gale force sprang up against them. First it blew powder-fine sand into their faces, cutting down visibility to three yards. Then frozen rain streamed down in the wind.

And so they bumped hour after hour. They travelled bonnet to tailboard in darkness, spaced out again as protection against air raiders in daylight.

The Commanding General's own car broke down trying to keep pace with the great column. Even so, at places it was impossible to do more than six or seven miles per hour. The drivers, muffled up to their ears and strapped in leather jackets and goggles, became unrecognizable under the caking of mud. Yet they did it in thirty-six hours. Two hours later it would have been too late. The Italians would have slipped through.

At midday on Wednesday (February 5) British mechanized cavalry travelling ahead tapped out in Morse the message: "We've reached the coast and contacted the enemy thirty-five miles south of Benghazi. They're packed along the road. Hurry."

It was the last of Graziani's force escaping, with all his senior generals, with 125 tanks, over 100 guns of all calibres, many hundreds of vehicles, and more than 16,000 men. The British were outnumbered five to one in tanks, five to one in men, and three to one in guns. They were up against a fresh, desperate enemy.

At one p.m. Wednesday British tanks swept in over sticky, sodden ground. British guns deployed and shot.

For the last time the Italians turned and fought—fought out of desperation more fiercely than they have done since the war began. This, in fact, was the only time they have honestly given battle, complete battle to the death or surrender.

The British commanders, hastily meeting under shellfire, made their plan. There were several hours of daylight left. Under heavy shelling British tanks crept up to the coast mile by mile.

British artillery got the range of the coastal road from which the enemy were operating. By nightfall over forty Italian tanks were out of action, just smoking steel carcasses lying in the mud. Twice the British tanks exhausted their ammunition and had to go back for more.

All Wednesday night the shelling continued, while one after another the Italian field guns were registered by their flashes, straddled with shot and finally hit.

The Italian general in command (General Tellera) turned, as every Italian general has done before him, and looked for some loophole to escape. "I cannot believe," he told his staff, before he died, "that the full strength of the British have got here so soon or that they can have cut our road to the south."

But he was wrong. In the darkness one section of the British forces spun fanwise round his north flank and reached the sea. Another raced to the south and mined the road along the line of the Italians' retreat.

Caught Between Two Fires

On Thursday morning (February 6) these two jaws began to close. The Italians lost all hope of escape then. They counter-attacked. The attack was fought to a standstill. Some thirty enemy medium tanks, pursued by twenty British, fled down the coastal road on to our minefield, where more British tanks were awaiting them. The enemy gave up.

There was carnage in the centre of the battlefield. British machine-gunners and light units went into support of the artillery. They picked off one enemy vehicle after another until for ten miles the road was littered with upturned, smashed vehicles that crashed into one another or up-ended themselves grotesquely in the air.

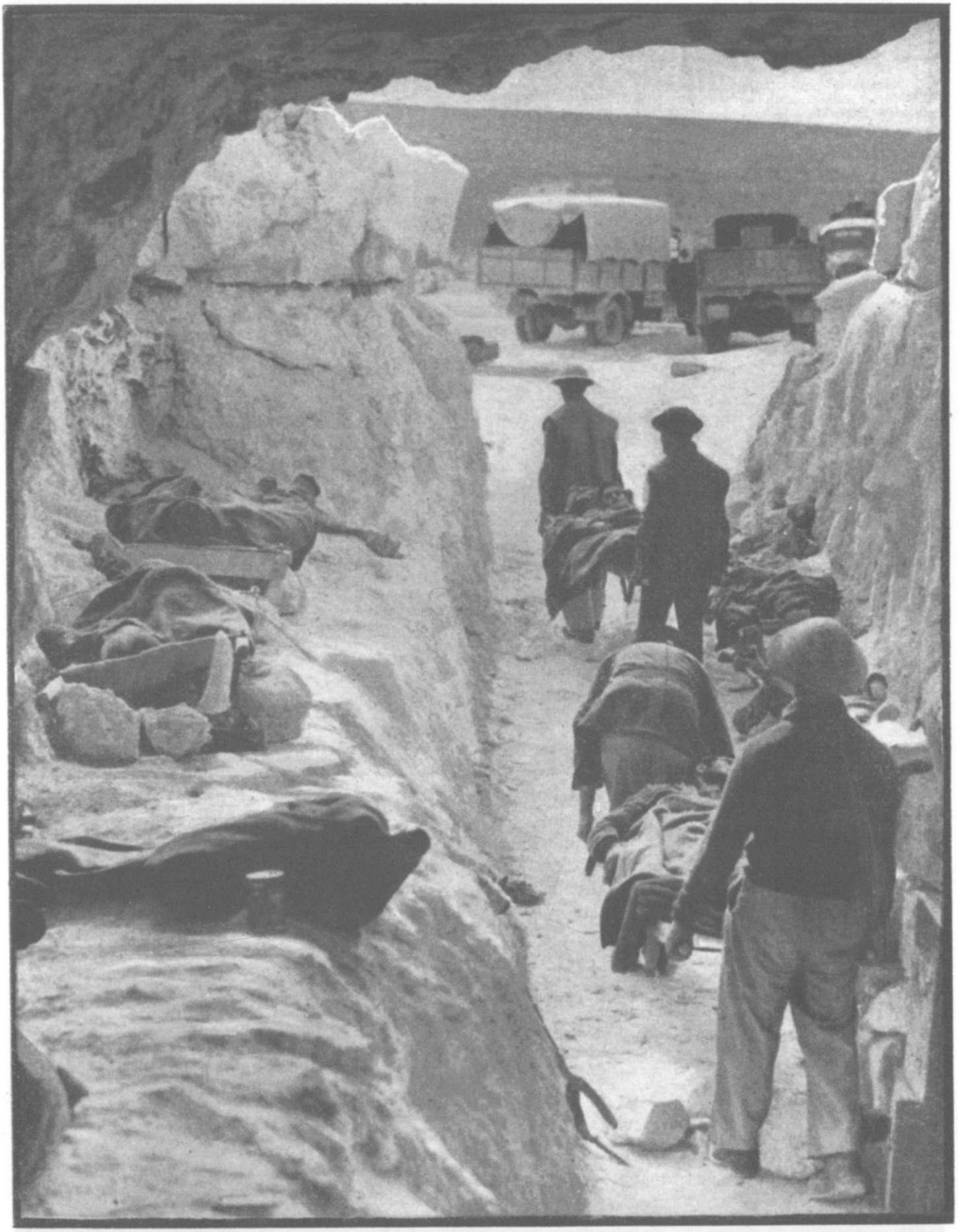
Yet again the Italians tried to attack early on Friday morning (February 7). But it was far too late. White handkerchiefs began appearing, waved by men who came out of hiding in the rocks from every direction.

General Tellera, struck by a bullet, died on the field, and General Cona took over. He had a more forlorn hope than ever General Weygand had in France.

Soon the fighting was carried into the sand-dunes. It was there the Tommies found

As step by step the Army of the Nile pushed along the Libyan coast, not only over 100,000 prisoners fell into its hands, but many Italian wounded. These were given the best of treatment; and here a British officer is helping an Italian to carry one of them to an ambulance, while a second Italian awaits his turn.
Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Italian Wounded Tended by the R.A.M.C.



AROUND BARDIA underground hospitals were arranged by the Italians in the rock formations, for, hemmed in by sea and land, it was impossible to remove the wounded out of the range of the Britsh bombardment. When the town surrendered the wounded were in the charge of Italian doctors, but parties of stretcher-bearers of the R.A.M.C. soon carried them away to the ambulances waiting to take them to more comfortable quarters at the base.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

They Were 'Just Too Quick' for the Italians

IN LIBYA Beduins welcomed the arrival of the Imperial troops and often proved ready to give information about enemy movements. Above, a British officer makes friends with the help of a packet of cigarettes. Below is the spot on the Capuzzo-Bardia road seen photographed a few weeks earlier in page 143 of this volume. Now it is no longer closed; most of the enemy are captives, and British cars move freely along it. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Berganzoli and many other staff officers, and a rejoicing message went back to headquarters, "Berganzoli's in the bag."

By Friday midday it was all over. Only one or two tanks and a few score vehicles are known to have escaped.

The day after the battle General Berganzoli, wearing a private soldier's uniform, gave me his story in a redstone farmhouse at Soluk.

"Yes, I supposed you would want to know how I have kept eluding you since last December," he began.

"Well, I walked out of Bardia on the third day of the battle. I saw it was hopeless, and with several of my officers set off, walking by night and hiding in caves by day.

"It took five days to reach Tobruk. We passed right through the British lines. We were so close we heard your troops talking, saw their watch fires, and smelt their cooking.

"After Tobruk fell I flew out on board the last 'plane to Derna. Derna, I think, was our best stand of all. But when at last many of our guns were put out of action and we had no more ammunition, I got my troops away at night, and with them drove off in a baby car down the coastal road to Benghazi.

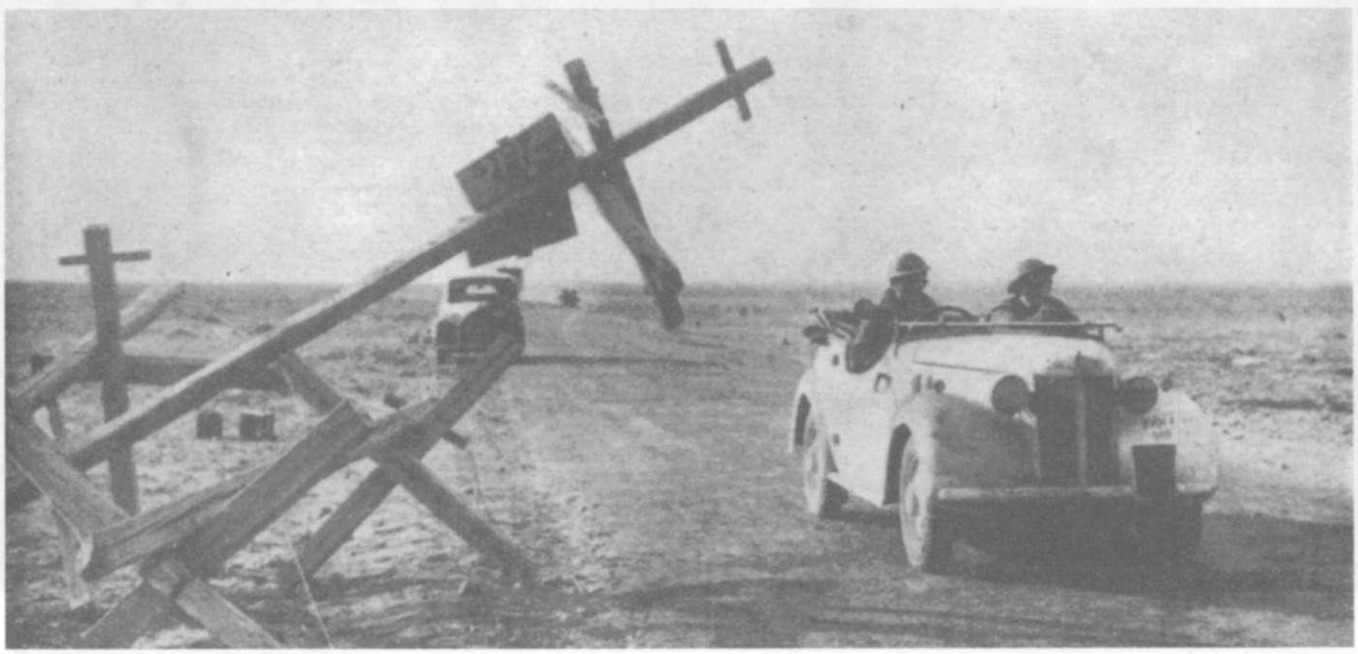
"We had no time to prepare defences outside Benghazi. In any case, it was an open town. We had no wish to expose women and children to more misery.

"We decided to leave with all our remaining forces for Tripoli. You were just too quick, that is all. Your forward units found us on the coast on Wednesday morning and we gave battle.

"Our artillery, tanks, and men, tired though they were and at a disadvantage on the coast, came quickly into position and gave battle magnificently.

"We launched two counter-attacks. Our tanks pushed forward against superior numbers right up to a British battalion headquarters.

"Our second attack was made when our forces were largely decimated and our ammunition almost exhausted. When that failed we had no choice but to make honourable surrender."



These Are the Men Who Conquered Cyrenaica

General SIR ARCHIBALD WAVELL, K.C.B.
"a master of war—sage, painstaking, daring and tireless"

"THIS is the time, I think," said Mr. Churchill in his broadcast oration of February 9, "to speak of the leaders who at the head of their brave troops have rendered distinguished service to the King.

"First and foremost, General Wavell, Commander-in-Chief of all the Armies in the Middle East, has proved himself a master of war—sage, painstaking, daring, and tireless. But General Wavell has repeatedly asked that others should share his fame. General Wilson, who actually commands the Army of the Nile, was reputed to be one of our finest tacticians, and few will now deny him that quality. General O'Connor, commanding the Thirteenth Corps, with General Mackay, commanding the splendid Australians, and General Creagh, who trained and commanded the various armoured divisions which were employed—these three men executed the complicated and astoundingly rapid movements which were made and fought the actions which occurred. I have just seen a telegram from General Wavell in which he says that the success of Benghazi was due to the outstanding leadership and resolution of O'Connor and Creagh, ably backed by Wilson."

Then the Premier paid those tributes to Air Marshal Longmore and Admiral Cunningham already quoted in pages 182-183.

Lt.-Gen. SIR H. M. WILSON
"one of our finest tacticians"

Maj.-Gen. M. CREAGH

Maj.-Gen. R. N. O'CONNOR
"outstanding leadership and resolution"

Maj.-Gen. I. G. MACKAY
"commanding the splendid Australians"

Air Marshal SIR A. LONGMORE
"wrested the control of the air from the enemy"

Admiral SIR A. CUNNINGHAM
"chased the Italian Navy into its harbours"

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Wide World, "Daily Mirror," Associated Press, Sport & General, Elliott & Fry

Darlan Stands at Pétain's Right Hand

Never very clear, the situation in Unoccupied France has become ever more confused as Laval, Hitler's puppet, strives to oust the veteran Marshal Pétain, if not from the supreme place, at least from supreme power. Now Laval seems to be eclipsed, and it is Admiral Darlan's star which is in the ascendant.

Not "the French Quisling, commonly called Laval"—as Mr. Churchill has described him—but Admiral Darlan is now Number Two in the French State. On the evening of Sunday, February 9, Marshal Pétain announced that he had appointed Admiral Darlan Vice-Premier and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, while still retaining his post as Minister of Marine. Furthermore, a few hours later, by a Constitutional Act, the Marshal named the Admiral his successor as Head of the State should the Marshal be prevented from carrying out his duties.

Jean François Darlan was born in 1881 near Bordeaux, and comes from a family which for generations has given its sons to the French Navy; his great-grandfather was on board the Redoubtable at Trafalgar. Darlan entered the Navy in 1899, and during the Great War commanded naval guns in France and at Salonika. After the war he saw service in Chinese waters, and was for some years instructor and commander in the training cruiser Jeanne D'Arc—hence in large measure his unrivalled influence with the present officers of the Fleet. Then he became Chief of Staff of the Second Division, Rear-Admiral commanding the First Light Cruiser Squadron and Vice-Admiral commanding the Second Squadron, until in December 1936 he was appointed Chief of the French Naval General Staff.

Following the conclusion of the Great War in 1918, there set in a period of decline for the French Navy, furthered by the decision of the Washington Naval Conference of 1921 which allowed France naval parity with Italy—far below Britain, the U.S.A. and Japan. But of late years, largely through the vigorous direction of Admiral Darlan, France has set about the creation of a really first-class Navy. The ports—Lorient and Dunkirk in particular—have been modernized under his guidance, and a number of fine vessels have been laid down; many, indeed, are already in service, in particular the battleships Strasbourg and Dunkerque. Two other battleships have been launched, the Richelieu and the Jean Bart. These ships are amongst the finest and most powerful in the world, and we may well believe that they are the apple of Darlan's eye. This being so, we can also imagine the chagrin and grief with which he heard of the battering to which they had been subjected by the Navy of Britain, so recently France's ally: the Dunkerque badly damaged at Oran on July 3, 1940; the Strasbourg torpedoed and bombed while racing from Oran to Toulon; and the Richelieu severely damaged at Dakar, on July 8.

GENERAL WEYGAND, as Commander-in-Chief of France's colonial army, holds one of the trump cards which has helped the Vichy government to prolong its resistance to Hitler's demands. On Feb. 12, 1941, General Weygand left Algiers for a tour of West Africa. He is here seen during a previous visit being greeted by ex-service men in Senegal. *Photo, Associated Press*

Shortly before the outbreak of the present war—on June 6, 1939, to be precise—Darlan was promoted Admiral—a rank new to the French naval hierarchy—which made him, in effect, Commander-in-Chief of the Navy. His first consideration was for the reorganization of the French Admiralty, and when the war began the Navy under his command was supposed to be as good as any which has sailed under the French flag. For the first months of the war there was cordial cooperation between Darlan and Pound, between the French Navy and the British, and the comradeship of the last war was revived in the common experiences of Channel convoys, the campaign in Norwegian waters, and finally the epic of Dunkirk. Then came France's collapse, and comradeship was converted into rancour, even hostility. Article 8 of the Armistice between France and Germany provided that the French Fleet, "except that part left free for safeguarding French interests in the colonial empire," was to be collected in certain ports, demobilized and disarmed under German or Italian control. This demobilization and disarmament, however, has (so far as we can judge) never been carried out, but in July last there was a very real fear that the ships were shortly to come under Hitler's control: hence the "melancholy action" of Oran and the hardly less melancholy operation at Dakar.

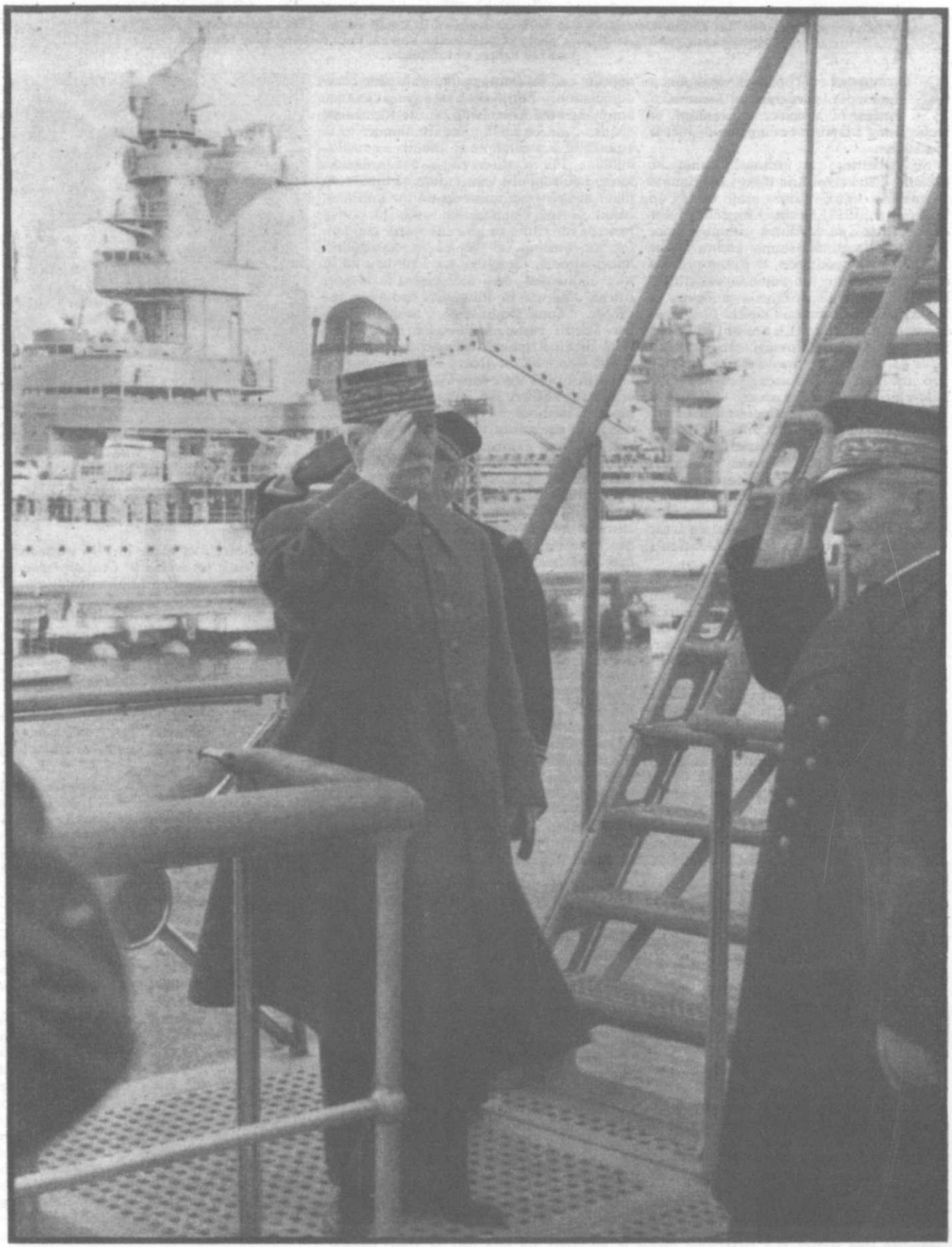
A month before these blows at his beautiful ships Admiral Darlan was prominent amongst those at Bordeaux who had urged an immediate armistice with Germany; and as the summer months passed he was reported to be ever more anti-British, until there came a time when he was said to be pro-Hitler.

Rivalry with Laval

But then there developed a struggle behind old Marshal Pétain's coat-tails, one that became more and more a tussle between Pierre Laval, the wily politician, and Darlan, the bluff but shrewd sailor. For a long time Laval seemed to have the ball at his feet. On July 20 he was nominated by Marshal Pétain Vice-Premier and successor. But on December 16 he suddenly fell from office. According to report he was willing to serve Hitler too well, and Pétain was unwilling to pay the price demanded of him. Hitler could offer France a place in his "new Europe," he could restore the two million French prisoners of war to their homes, he could lift the financial burdens of the German occupation; he could do all these things, but he would do them only at a price, and that price, there could be little doubt, included the transference to German control of France's warships. Pétain, that old soldier of rigid honour, stuck to the terms of the Armistice; never would the French ships be handed over, he declared. Laval had outplayed his hand, and, driven from office, he strove in vain for his reinstatement. Not even Hitler could persuade or compel Pétain to restore Laval to his former office and greatness, although the Marshal did offer him a seat in the Government as a Minister of State and as a Member of a Committee of Direction. The swarthy little fellow with a white tie wanted much more than this, however; he wanted to be Premier, first man in the French State so far as power was concerned, though he was willing to let Pétain keep the trappings of office.

As Laval chafed in the wilderness, Darlan grew in greatness. He held in his hands the French fleet; the ships at Toulon and Bizerta, at Dakar and Casablanca, were all under his orders, their officers and crews followed his star unhesitatingly. And early in February 1941 he gave an interview to the "Journal" in which he is reported to have said, "The French Fleet, at present and in the future, will remain under complete French control, and will defend itself and the Empire against any challenge whatsoever, and against any attack from any quarter." Only a few days after that statement Darlan became Number Two to Pétain's Number One.

France's Men of Destiny Meet at Toulon



MARSHAL PETAIN AND ADMIRAL DARLAN, the men on whom the hopes of France and the eyes of the world are centred today, are here meeting for a conference on board the battleship Strasbourg in Toulon harbour. Strasbourg was at Oran during the "melancholy action" of July 3, 1940, and only with difficulty managed to run the gauntlet of the British squadron and reach Toulon. The memory must have been fresh in the minds of both France's "No. 1" and "No. 2" as they met on the great ship's deck. In the background is another French warship. *Photo, Associated Press*

The Battle of Nerves in the Balkans

Once again all eyes are centred on the Balkans—that south-eastern corner of Europe which for so many centuries has been the scene of so many wars. This article tells of the increasing success of Hitler's policy of penetration in what until recently Italy boasted was her sphere of influence.

A PATCHWORK of political divisions, a jumble of geographical features, a medley of peoples, a cauldron of trouble never far from boiling-point—that is the Balkans.

Five countries are included within its bounds. The largest and most important is Yugoslavia, which came into being on December 1, 1918, as the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, although since 1929 it has been more simply known as the Kingdom of Yugoslavia. It is the pre-war Serbia, swollen by the addition of Montenegro and vast areas of the Slavic regions of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Its present sovereign is King Peter II, a boy of 17 ; power rests in the Regency Council, presided over by the King's uncle, Prince Paul.

To the east is Rumania, now but the shadow of its former greatness. After 1918 it was at least a second-rate power, but now, following the exile of King Carol, the coming into office of General Antonescu, followed by what is in fact, if not in name, a German invasion, it is one of Hitler's puppet states, hardly more independent than Norway or Holland. There is still a king in Bucharest—Michael, a youth of 19—but Antonescu is the real ruler, and Hitler pulls Antonescu's strings.

Then there is Bulgaria, over which reigns King Boris in Sofia. Along her southern frontier run that little corner which is all that is left to the Turks in Europe and the kingdom of Greece. To complete the jigsaw, we have only to drop little Albania into its place on the western coast.

Of these, Albania and Greece are involved in the war, the one as an Italian possession and the other as Britain's ally against Mussolini. For the rest, they are all threatened, even if they have not been actually strangled, by the tentacles of the Nazi octopus.

Rumania, as we said above, is one of Hitler's puppet states. Its king has no power ; its premier, its corps of officers, its press, its chief political faction, the Black Guards, its newspapers and its wireless, its oilfields and its railways, are all under Nazi domination. For weeks past a great German army has been assembling on the Rumanian plains ; one estimate gives its number as a quarter of a million men, another as half a million. For a surety it is a formidable force, well supplied with armoured divisions, that has now been mustered on the northern banks of the Danube and waits to cross, perhaps for Hitler to give the word, perhaps for the melting of the ice in springtime. Small wonder, then, that on February 10 it was announced that Sir Reginald Hoare, British Minister in Rumania, had been recalled. "Some months ago," to quote from Mr. Eden's Note addressed on his instructions by Sir Reginald to General Antonescu, "you informed me that a small number of German troops were arriving in Rumania in order to instruct the Rumanian Army in modern methods of warfare and that the necessary equipment was likewise being dispatched from Germany for the rearmament of the Rumanian troops. Some instruction has no doubt been imparted, but the essential development is that the German High Command is building up in Rumania all the elements of an expeditionary force and is concentrating at strategic points large supplies of munitions and oil fuel. Rumanian territory is thus being used by Germany as a military base in furtherance of her plans for prosecuting the war."

If and when the Nazis cross the Danube, Bulgaria will be Hitler's next victim. She has an army of a war strength of some 500,000 men, and in many a war the Bulgars have shown themselves to be splendid fighters. But the sight of those German troops and tanks just across the river has affected the morale of the governing class. In his broadcast on February 9 Mr. Churchill stated that, supposedly with the acquiescence of the Bulgarian Government, airfields were being occupied by thousands of German ground personnel so as to enable the German Air Force to go into action from Bulgaria. Mr. Churchill went on to remind the Bulgarians

King Boris of Bulgaria, whose country lies across Hitler's path to the Near East, succeeded to the throne on the abdication of his father, King Ferdinand, in 1918. He is 46 and married Princess Giovanna of Savoy, daughter of the King of Italy, in 1930.
Photo, Planet News

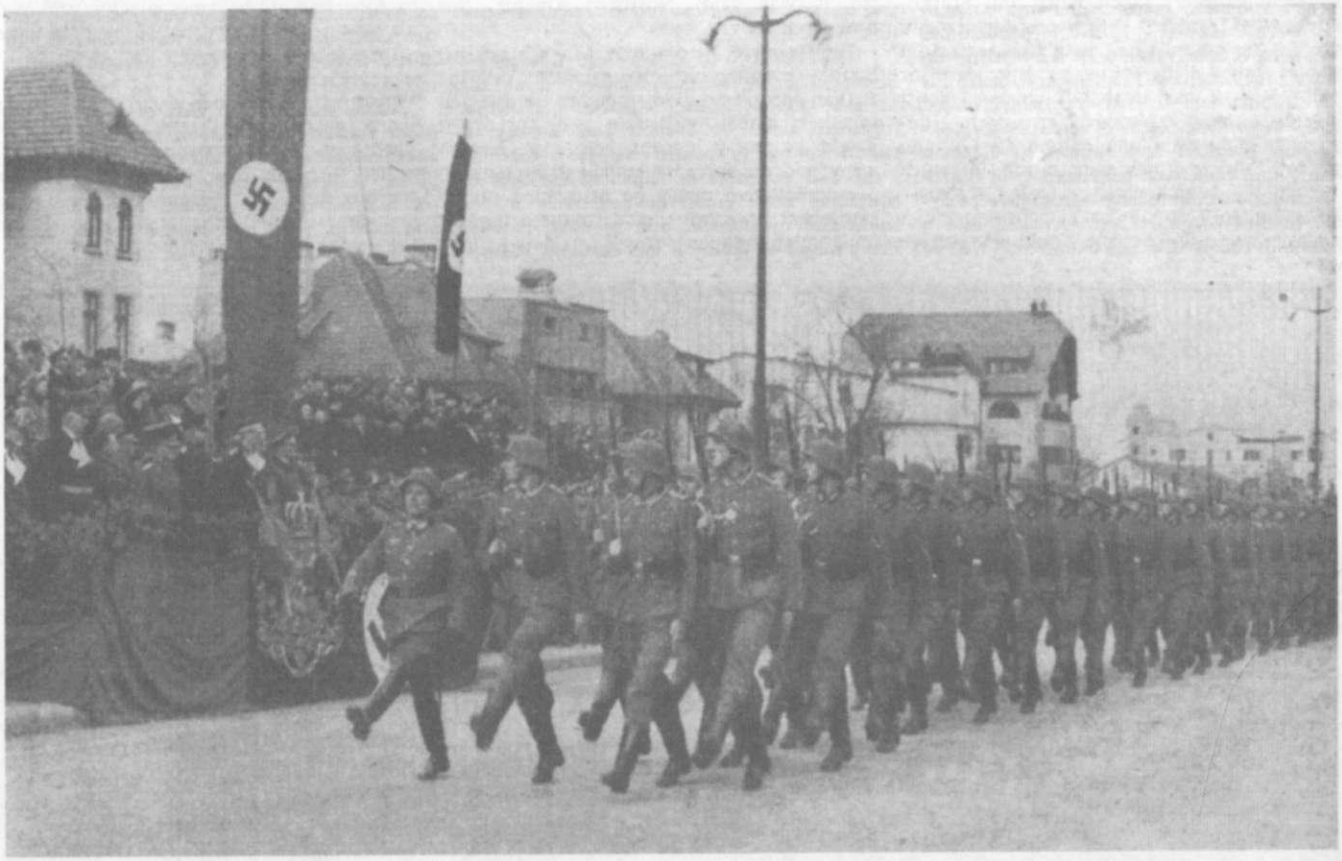
of the mistake they made in 1915 when they threw in their lot with the Central Powers. "I asked the Bulgarian Minister to dinner," he said, "to explain to him what a fool King Ferdinand would make of himself if he were to go in on the losing side. It was no use. The poor man simply could not believe it, or make his Government believe it. So Bulgaria, against the wishes of her peasant population, and against all her interests, fell in at the Kaiser's tail and got steadily carved up and punished when the victory was won. I trust that Bulgaria is not going to make the same mistake again."

But the Bulgarian Army is pro-German, and so, too, is the Bulgarian press. The politicians are also inclined to look to Hitler, for they believe that it was through his influence that Rumania was persuaded to hand back Southern Dobruja to Bulgaria on August 31, 1940, and they hope that the same influence will be brought to bear to force Greece to restore that corridor to the Aegean Sea at Dedeagatch which was lost in 1919. As for the peasants, they tend to be pro-Russian, still regarding Russia as the big brother of the Slavs ; but politically the peasants do not count for much.

Perhaps it was because he anticipated Hitler's drive into the Balkans that Mussolini attacked Greece in October, 1940 ; he wanted to seize what he could while there was still something left to seize. But his men met nothing but disaster, and now there is talk of Hitler undertaking a Balkan expedition to rescue the Italians from the Greeks they had so wantonly attacked. If Hitler indeed decides to invade Greece, then he would probably do so via the Struma Pass, which lies on the direct route from Sofia to Salonika. But before he does so he must make sure of Yugoslavia, for it would never do to expose his flank to so considerable a power. So now Yugoslavia is being taken in hand. As reported on February 13 her Premier and

Saluting Iron Guards at a celebration parade in Bucharest are seen (left to right) General Antonescu, Rumanian Prime Minister, whose counter-measures broke the Iron Guard revolt early in 1941; Signor Pellegrino Ghigi, Italian Minister; Herr von Fabricius, German Minister; and Horia Sima, notorious Iron Guard leader who became a fugitive.
Photo, Keystone

They Came to 'Teach' but Stayed to Conquer



RUMANIA'S "peaceful penetration" by the Nazis was admitted by the Rumanian Legation in Berlin on October 7, 1940, when it was announced that German troops had arrived there to "reorganize the Rumanian Army." In the top photograph some of them are goose-stepping through the streets of Bucharest. By the middle of February 1941 the number of German troops in the country was estimated at between 250,000 and 500,000. Lower photo, lorries loaded with Nazis and towing light guns are streaming through the streets of the capital. *Photos, Associated Press and Keystone*

War Clouds Loom above Europe's Cockpit

Foreign Minister, Tsvetkovitch and Markovitch, were " invited " to Berchtesgaden and there, after a conference with Ribbentrop on the way, they met the Fuehrer and heard his will. Report has it that Yugoslavia must give up some little pieces of territory to Hungary and Bulgaria and submit to German military and economic penetration, in return for which she would receive—from Greece !—some territory round Lake Ochrida, and a corridor to Salonika ; she would also receive (so it was said) Northern Albania—this time from Italy.

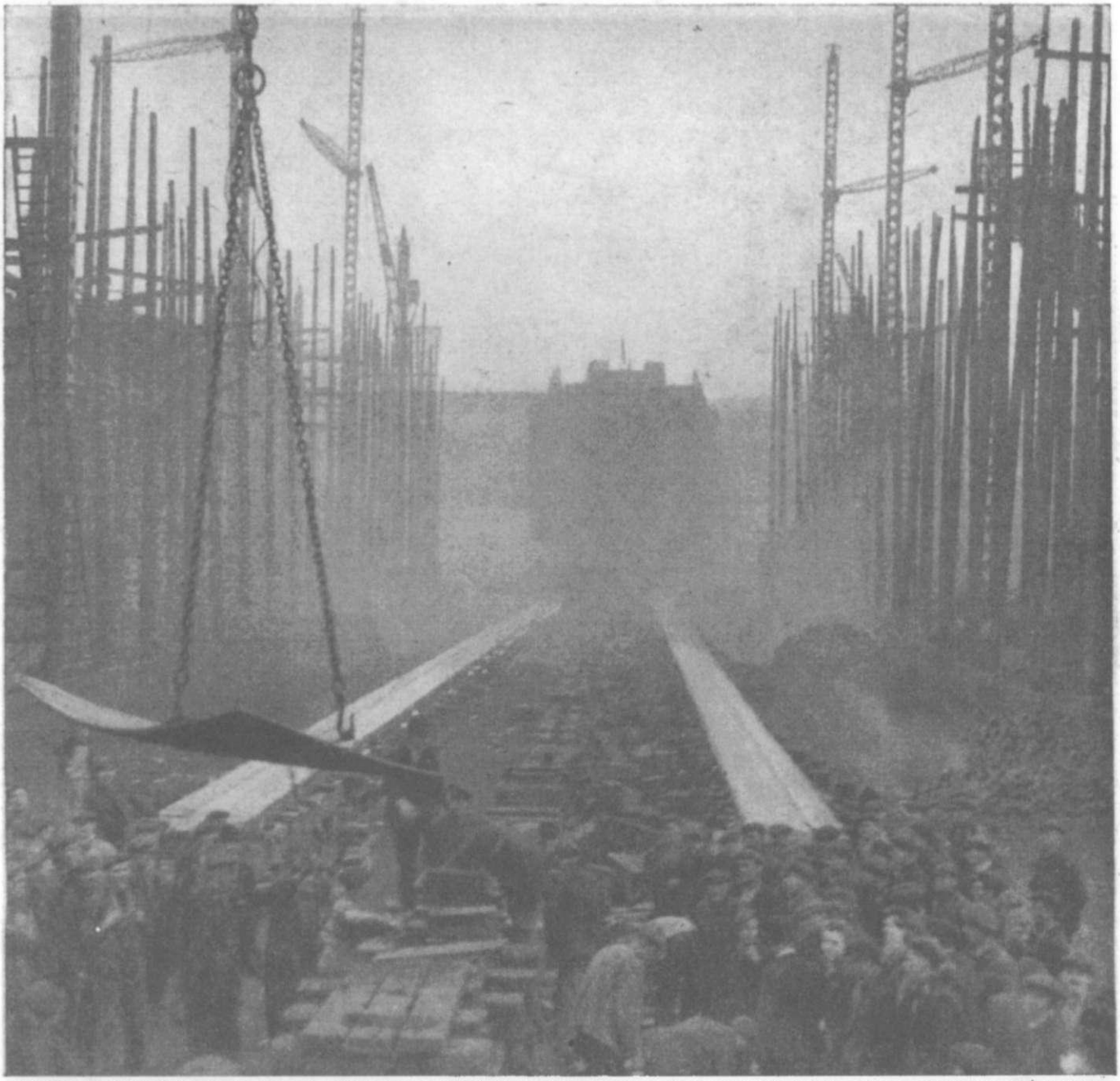
" Of course," to quote Mr. Churchill's Sunday evening oration again, " if all the Balkan peoples stood together and acted together, aided by Britain and Turkey, it would be many months before a German army and air force of sufficient strength to overcome them could be assembled in the south-east of Europe, and in these months much might happen ; it will certainly happen as American aid becomes effective and as our air power grows, and as we become a well-armed nation, and as our armies in the East increase in strength.

" But," the Premier went on, " nothing is more certain than that if the countries of south-eastern Europe allow themselves to be pulled to pieces one by one, they will share the fate of Holland, Denmark and Belgium, and none can tell how long it will be before the hour of their deliverance strikes."

SOUTH-EASTERN EUROPE, or the Balkans as it is frequently styled (after the mountains of that name which form its rocky frame), is a mass of complications, physical, political and racial. As this map shows, Hitler dominates the northern lands, and he is now reaching out across the Danube to Yugoslavia and Bulgaria. If these fall into his clutches, then a drive against Salonika and another at Turkey, guardian of the Straits, may be expected. All the principal railways and road routes are indicated, and the mountain heights give some indication of the natural difficulties that must be faced by an invader.

Map by courtesy of " Free Europe "

Another Loss Made Good in Our Merchant Navy



NON-STOP SHIPBUILDING is the order of the day at all British shipbuilding yards. A remarkable illustration of the push being made is afforded by this photograph. A big tanker has just taken the water from the slipway. Before she was towed away to dock for fitting out the workmen, who had paused for a moment to give her a cheer, were again busy getting the keel plate of the next ship into position. *Photo, Topical*

BRITAIN needs ships—many ships and of many different types. This has been made clear by Sir Arthur Salter, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Shipping, in a recent statement. Till last June the average weekly toll exacted by the enemy was 41,000 tons (Allied and neutral as well as British tonnage). Since then it has averaged some 90,000 tons, but up to date our losses have been nearly balanced by new building, transfer and capture. We still have more than 97 per cent of the total sea-going tonnage under the British flag in 1939. A reduction of less than three per cent would not be serious in itself, since we have cut down on the civilian peace consumption of imported goods about ten times that percentage, but our losses have increased since the enemy has been able to use French ports.

Moreover, our opportunities of replacement are in some respect, e.g. by capture, less than they were. Many of our ships have also been needed to carry troops or military supplies to the Army in Africa, or to serve as armed cruisers, and are not therefore available to bring imports. We have chartered much neutral and allied tonnage and have requisitioned all ocean-going British vessels. We are building, buying and chartering all we can ; we have, for example, chartered four million tons of neutral and allied shipping, and have bought over 500,000 tons, mainly from the U.S.A. We are hoping that the U.S.A. will make an even greater contribution in this way.

FROM our own yards we have ordered many ships of a definite type (cargo tramps), but we also want tankers, some fast cargo vessels, fast passenger ships, as well as the bread-and-butter ships and tramp steamers which constitute the greater part of the building in this country. We are increasing the rate of shipbuilding here, but we have not yet surpassed the peak figure attained in the course of the last war, when in 1918 we produced 1,348,000 tons gross.

OUR losses in the course of 1940, said Mr. Ronald Cross, Minister of Shipping, on February 5, amounted to 4,300,000 tons, and our losses in the worst year we have ever known, namely 1917, amounted to 6,000,000 tons. In the last war the submarine menace was only overcome by new building on a huge scale. That new building came mainly from the United States, and although it is not possible to say what shipping contribution the U.S.A., Democracy's arsenal, proposes to make, that there will be a contribution is beyond doubt, for it would indeed be inconsistent for the U.S.A. to make her present great efforts to provide this country with aircraft, tanks and many other munitions of war, if it were not paralleled by assistance to our vital communications.

Down this Ravine of Blistered Rock, Strewn with Italian Tanks, S

Over Germany's Aerodromes with a Camera

Written by an Intelligence Officer of the R.A.F., this article describes a reconnaissance flight over Germany—just such a flight as has now become a matter of ordinary, every-day routine. Yet, as he makes clear, however ordinary the flight may be—indeed, usually is—it is adventurous and charged with danger.

A VAN, its headlights shielded, moves quickly across the aerodrome towards the heavy outline of an aircraft from which engine and cockpit covers are being removed. In the van are men with cameras and drums of ammunition. It is still some thirty minutes before dawn, and, though it is damp and cold, the men work with unhurried haste, concentrating on the job in hand to the exclusion of everything else. Theirs is the responsibility of seeing that the now silent bomber is fully prepared for its task—a photographic reconnaissance of aerodromes and other military objectives in Germany and German-occupied territory.

Under the watchful eye of the squadron's photographic corporal, the observer unloads the two cameras from the van, while at his side the air gunners are collecting the drums of ammunition for their guns. Inside the aircraft the wireless operator and the two pilots are checking their instruments.

The observer, with his single wing and sergeant's stripes dimly visible on his tunic, carries the vertical camera across to the aircraft. He screws it firmly into place, removes the lens cap, and satisfies himself that it is ready for action. Then, while he is placing the oblique camera into its position inside the fuselage, the corporal inspects the vertical camera once more. All the necessary adjustments have been made, but no care is too great to ensure complete efficiency.

The two cameras weigh only twenty-eight pounds, some sixty pounds less than their German counterparts. They are compact, boxlike cameras, simple and robust in design, and constructed to work in the worst conditions with the minimum attention. They are equipped with interchangeable magazines, containing enough films for one hundred and twenty-five exposures. The vertical camera is worked electrically and is mounted in the middle of the aircraft with its lens pointing through a hole in the floor. The oblique camera, which is manually operated and hand-held, can, of course, be adjusted in the air, but the vertical has to remain at its original focal setting.

As soon as the installation has been completed and the electrical leads to the controls in the cockpit have been connected, the observer gets in the seat beside the pilot and operates the remote control to make sure that everything is working properly. In the meantime, the first pilot has started up his engines and the crew now clamber aboard. The observer follows, clad like the others in electrically-heated clothing, with radio-telephone and oxygen-leads dangling from his helmet. Around his neck hangs the thirty-five millimetre camera. His parachute harness and life-saving jacket are part and parcel of the flying suit.

Maps and instruments are laid on the chart table, the observer takes his seat, and the aircraft speeds across the aerodrome on its way to Germany. The pilot sets his course and the observer works out the strength of the wind and levels the vertical camera. Together the crew form a well-trained and well-tried team, each knowing something of the other man's job and each realizing the full value of cooperation.

AERIAL RECONNAISSANCE CAMERAS are of two types. One for taking vertical photographs is worked electrically from a fixed position in the floor of the aircraft: one for oblique photographs, as shown above, is manually operated. For an example of a vertical air photograph see Vol. 3, page 590, and for an oblique view, Vol. 4, page 127. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

The great waters of the North Sea pass quickly beneath them, and landfall is made. The air gunners are at their posts, with loaded guns and ready, their eyes quartering the sky unceasingly. The altimeter records a height of five thousand feet; actually, the aircraft is flying just above the cloud bank which now hides the ground below. Carefully and seemingly casually the pilot and the observer check their course to make certain that they are near their first objective. Assured of this, the engines are throttled back to allow the pilot to make a gentle glide downwards through the clouds, which grow thinner as the land begins to come in view. Away on the left a semicircle of hangars discloses the exact position of the first target, and the aircraft swings over towards it, while the observer takes hold of the remote control in readiness to operate the camera.

Over the centre of the aerodrome the pilot flies a straight and level course. The observer presses the control button and the camera begins to do its work. Two thousand feet below lies a German air force station with twenty or thirty aircraft of varying types lined up on the centre of the tarmac and dispersed round the boundary. Within a minute or two the solitary raider, with his record complete, has passed, flying just below the clouds towards his next objective.

Suddenly the pilot turns the aircraft and signals to the observer to start the camera again. He has seen an alternative landing ground and that, too, is photographed.

At last they reach the southernmost point of their flight and prepare to photograph another aerodrome. Ahead there are signs of activity, but the bomber flies on at a set speed, height and course, while the observer works out the time intervals between exposures necessary for the required overlap of sixty per cent. Apparently the Messerschmitts are unaware of the intruder's identity, for from the British bomber they can be seen lowering their wheels as they approach the aerodrome to land.

With these new photographic records taken, the British machine turns homewards, travelling north so as to get a further record of activity on yet another aerodrome. And again the same procedure is adopted. A steady course is kept as they approach their objective. The time interval is set on the automatic control and the release is pressed. This time as they pass over the centre of the aerodrome the observer takes one or two photographs of the aircraft and hangars with his thirty-five millimetre camera. To make matters more exciting, there are fighters diving on their tail, but the air gunners hold their fire until the Messerschmitts close in. Then they let them have it, good and hard.

All the time the vertical camera continues to run. This time to make certain of good results the pilot also brings his aircraft down to a thousand feet. At this height they get a warm reception from both pom-poms and machine-guns, but the further record, taken by the hand-held oblique camera, is well worth it.

At last their task is finished and the bomber slips into the clouds above. Homeward once again, they hurry over the sea and finally land at their base, where the magazines are removed without delay and rushed to the photographic section for development. The observer also hands in his report.

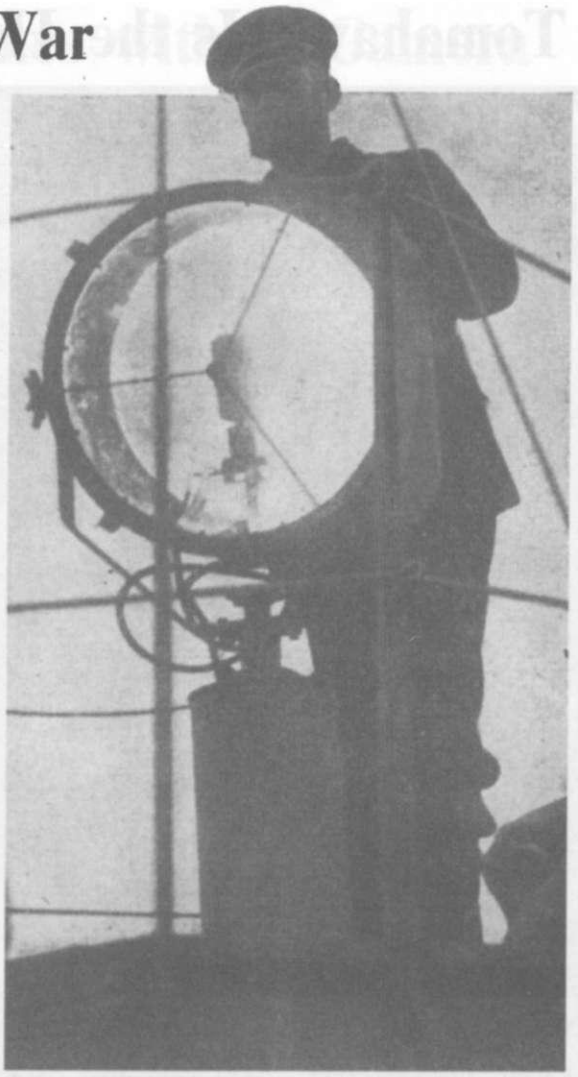
In a matter of two or three hours copies of the prints will be in the hands of the experts at the command. Stereoscope and magnifiers will tell the trained eyes and mind as much as the aircraft ever really saw—and a great deal more. Aircraft types will be recognized, unusual activities will be noted, and a detailed report will soon be on its way to the operational staff.

Tomahawk Is the Hurricane's American Cousin

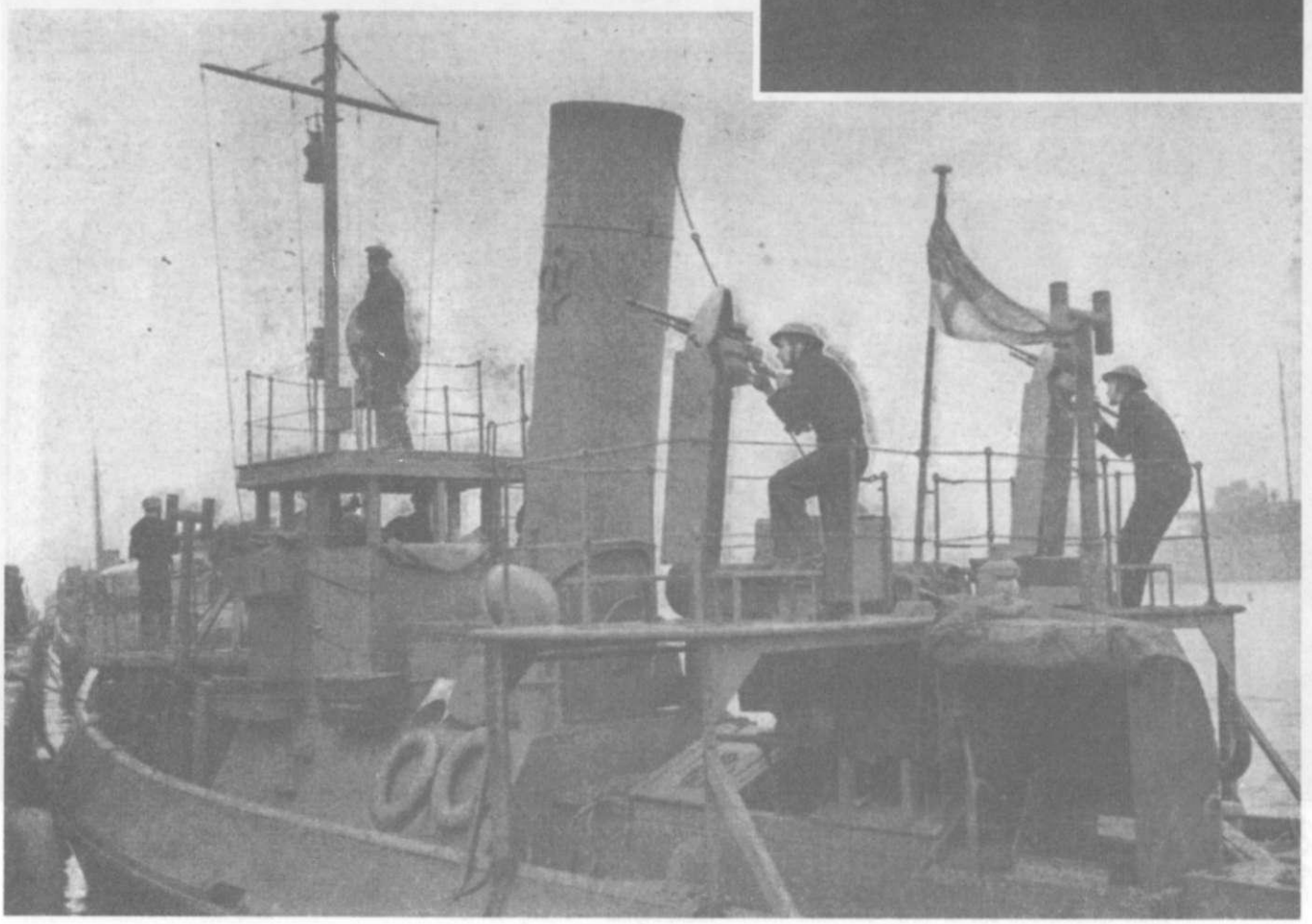
CURTISS TOMAHAWK is one of the many types of aircraft now being sent to us from the United States. Fighter machines of this kind are brought over by sea, the fuselage and engine in one crate and the wing assembly in another. Here a Tomahawk (Curtiss Hawk 81) is seen in the assembling shop at an R.A.F. station, where mechanics are adjusting the three-bladed, electrically-controlled, variable-pitch, propeller. Beneath the crankcase can be seen the radiators, and six exhaust tubes jut from the engine cowling. The Tomahawk, which is the United States' equivalent of the Hawker Hurricane, has a 12-cylinder Allison engine of the "V" liquid-cooled type, developing 1,090 h.p. Each machine goes through a flying test before being sent to its operational station. American 'planes flown direct to Britain are shown in pages 98—99 of this volume.

Photo, Topical

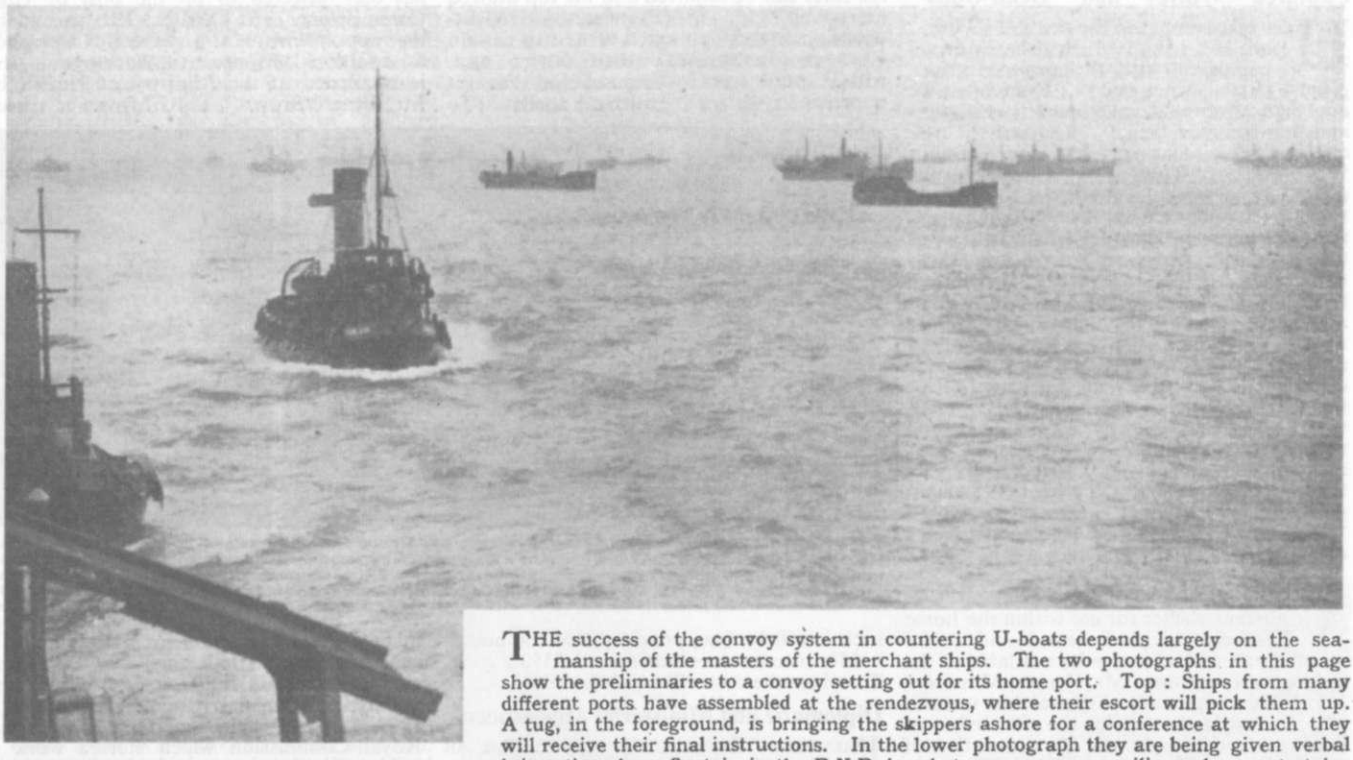
Tugs Are Now Men-o'-War



Tugs, those small craft that in peacetime plied on rivers and at the great ports, now fly the White Ensign, and, equipped with guns and searchlights, serve with the Royal Naval Auxiliary Patrol watching the coast for enemy activity. Right, one of a tug's crew is at his post with the searchlight. Above, the paymaster calls to hand the men's pay to the Captain. Below, the gunners are at their stations with the two machine-guns. *Photos, Fox and Associated Press*



'On Our Merchant Ships Everything Depends'



THE success of the convoy system in countering U-boats depends largely on the seamanship of the masters of the merchant ships. The two photographs in this page show the preliminaries to a convoy setting out for its home port. Top : Ships from many different ports have assembled at the rendezvous, where their escort will pick them up. A tug, in the foreground, is bringing the skippers ashore for a conference at which they will receive their final instructions. In the lower photograph they are being given verbal instructions by a Captain in the R.N.R. in what was once a pavilion where entertainments were given for holiday-makers. The Masters are told what their ships' positions in the convoy will be, and their ships' papers are examined. Any extra armaments they ask for will be supplied. "On our merchant ships and their gallant seamen," Lord Chatfield has said, "everything depends."

Photos, G.P.U.

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR

Captured "Wolves" and "Demi-Gods"

How unassuming, to the point of dullness, are the names of British regiments compared with the sonorous titles given by Italy to her units! Even when we apply an affectionate nickname it is modest and non-committal, like "The Buffs." By contrast Italy has—or had—her famous "Wolves of Tuscany." Through misadventure they were routed in mid-January, soon after they set foot in Albania, and their commander, Colonel Meneghetti, was taken prisoner (see page 96). So great was the dejection of this "Wolf" that, when the Greek officer escorting him to Athens apologised for the staring crowds, explaining that they were not used to seeing a captured officer of such high rank, the Colonal rejoined disconsolately: "They must get used to it; they will soon be seeing generals." But the "Wolves of Tuscany," plodding along to their prison camps, are not alone. They are in the company of "Red Devils of Piedmont," "Eagles of the Alps," "Demi-gods of Julia," "Green Flames of the Alps," "Veterans of the Mud and Torrential Rains of Pusteria," and "Hercules of Ferrara."

Safety in a Steel Cage

An air-raid shelter for use within the home has been designed, tested and found satisfactory, and will soon be available to the public. According to Mr. Herbert Morrison, "it achieves not only dispersal but warmth and dryness, and it avoids the discomfort of leaving home at night and the dislocation of family life." The new shelter, which is in the form of a table with removable sides, is not proof against a direct hit, but, installed on the lowest floor, it will afford protection against the debris caused by the collapse of a two- or three-storeyed house from a nearby explosion. The sheet of steel which forms the top has been tested by having a heavy weight dropped upon it, and also by a blow similar to that of a collapsing floor. The steel mesh sides also protect the inmates from debris. Two average-sized adults and a child, two adults and two infants, or even four thin adults can be accommodated inside the cage, the floor of which is sprung to take a mattress. When not in use as a shelter the sides can be removed and the top utilized as a table. Mr. Morrison stated that distribution would be limited at first to certain areas more vulnerable than others, and, within those areas, to householders as yet unprovided with an Anderson shelter. To such it will be free, provided that the household's income does not exceed £350 a year. To others the cost will be about £8.

INDOOR SHELTER beds are 6 ft. 6 in. long and 4 ft. wide and weigh 5 cwt., about the weight of a grand piano. The shelters will be supplied in parts and must be put together by the householder. Their adoption by the Ministry of Home Security followed upon the discovery that houses form a better protection against bomb than it was originally supposed they would do.

Photo, courtesy of the Ministry of Information

Diplomatic and Ministerial Appointments

President Roosevelt's nomination of Mr. John G. Winant to be the new American Ambassador to Great Britain was officially announced on February 6, although it had long been surmised. Mr. Winant has seen much public service in the States, and his knowledge of European problems acquired while head of the International Labour Office in Geneva will stand him in good stead in his new post. Another American diplomatic appointment is that of Mr. A. D. Biddle, Ambassador to Poland and formerly in Warsaw, who is now named in addition Minister to the Governments in London of Belgium, Norway and the Netherlands. There have been several recent changes in the British Cabinet. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has been selected to fill the post of High Commissioner in Canada, left vacant by the appointment of Sir Gerald Campbell as additional Minister to Washington. He is succeeded at the Ministry of Health by Mr. Ernest Brown. Lord Moyne has been made Secretary of State for the Colonies in succession to the late Lord Lloyd, and will also be Leader of the House of Lords. He undertook a financial mission to Kenya in 1932, and was chairman of the West Indies Royal Commission which started work in 1938. His former post at the Ministry of Agriculture is being taken over by the Duke of Norfolk. Another new appointment is that of Mr. Thomas Johnston as Secretary of State for Scotland, the post relinquished by Mr. Ernest Brown.

Lord Moyne, left, now Colonial Secretary, sat in the House of Commons as Hon. Walter Guinness, from 1907-1931. Mr. J. G. Winant, the new American Ambassador in London, centre, is a Republican appointed to the most important diplomatic post by a Democrat president. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who goes to Canada as High Commissioner, has been successively Dominions and Colonial Secretary and Minister of Health.

Photos, Sport & General, Topical and Lafayette

Belgium's Quisling Gets Busy

Léon Degrelle, leader of the Rexist (Fascist) party in occupied Belgium, is stated by the Italian Press to be working on the creation of an air force to be under the control of Germany. The Belgian Government in London has heard nothing as yet of this scheme. Degrelle has already organized several units, the purpose of which would appear to be that of protecting Rexist meetings rather than taking any active part in the war. This Fascist party is exceedingly unpopular in Belgium and, despite German repression, clashes are apt to occur when Degrelle's followers gather together. The Rexists have a party organ—"Le Pays Réel"—which, after being suspended at the time of the invasion, resumed publication under German patronage in August 1940. Meanwhile, the clandestine newspaper "La Libre Belgique" pursues its secret way.

New Severe Laws in Rumania

Some of the most drastic laws ever introduced into any European country were announced in Bucharest on February 6 by General Antonescu. Death is now the penalty for possessing, using or acquiring firearms; for writing, publishing or distributing literature against the Government; for sedition or incitement; for looting; for sabotage and any form of interference with transport and communications. Membership of any organization, whether social, political or religious, which does not see eye to eye with the present regime is punishable with life imprisonment. These laws apply to everyone over 15, and special penalties are devised for offenders in positions of authority, such as teachers and priests. On February 12 further restrictions were imposed upon the populace, one being that military and police patrols were instructed to shoot at sight any person who refused to halt.

Not All the Parachutists Are Nazis!

BRITISH PARATROOPS IN ITALY!

A Story (*Unfinished*) in Six Chapters

CHAPTER 1

Minsk, 1936. At the Russian military manoeuvres there was a remarkable display of parachutists dropped from 'planes. Amongst the onlookers was a British Military Mission, headed by a certain Maj.-Gen. Wavell, who said: "We greatly admired the work of the parachutists. They demonstrated a brilliant spectacle of courage and good training."

CHAPTER 2

Rome, Feb. 11, 1941. The "New York Times" correspondent wired to his paper; "It is not permitted to write a word from Rome tonight about the big story [passage censored]."

CHAPTER 3

Rome, Feb. 14. The Italian High Command issued a warning to the Italian public that during the night of February 10-11 enemy parachutists had descended in Calabria and Lucania . . .

CHAPTER 4

Rome, same date. The Italian News Agency, giving further details of the raid, states:

The parachutists, who carried automatic arms and explosives, certainly intended to damage the regional water-supply system, a magnificent achievement of the Fascist regime which made possible an agricultural revival throughout the district, together with railway lines, bridges, and roads.

Having landed in a clearing surrounded by forests, the parachutists occupied some farms and immobilized the peasants. One parachutist who had broken a leg was left in one of these farms, where he was later arrested by guards. The British parachutists deceived the peasant farmers by shouting "Duce!" and so inducing them to open their doors to them.

After abandoning their injured companion the British made their way to the springs which feed the irrigation system, guiding themselves by means of maps with which they were provided. But the alarm had been given in the region, and guards, cooperating with the military, police and the military organizations of the Fascist party, drew a cordon round the area. A search was instituted, making the position of the parachutists very precarious.

Speedily surrounded, they were unable to execute their plans and had to hide in the woods to avoid capture. To make capture more difficult they divided up into several groups, hoping that some at least would be able to break through the cordon and carry out a part of their plans.

Their plans failed, for while eleven parachutists were seized in one place seven others were arrested at the same time a mile or two away. The latter attempted to put up a resistance, turning a tommy gun on the patrol, consisting of one guard, one police constable, and a shepherd who was guiding them over the mountain paths. Shots from the British officer's gun put the policeman and the shepherd out of action.

The guard, left alone, defended himself with his rifle, forcing the parachutists to remain behind a rock until other guards, hearing the shots, came up. Seeing that all resistance was hopeless, the parachutists surrendered.

Another group, which had taken to the scrubland, remained to be found. The search went on and the rest of the parachutists, including a captain, were seized without trouble. All of them were clothed in khaki-overalls and had Air Force caps. They were armed with tommy guns and automatic pistols and were provided with Italian money. They have been handed over to the regional defence command.

CHAPTER 5

London, Feb. 15. The Ministry of Information announced: "Soldiers dressed in recognized military uniforms have recently been dropped by parachute in Southern Italy. Their instructions were to demolish certain objectives connected with ports in that area. No statement can be made at present about the results of the operations, but some of the men have not returned to their base."

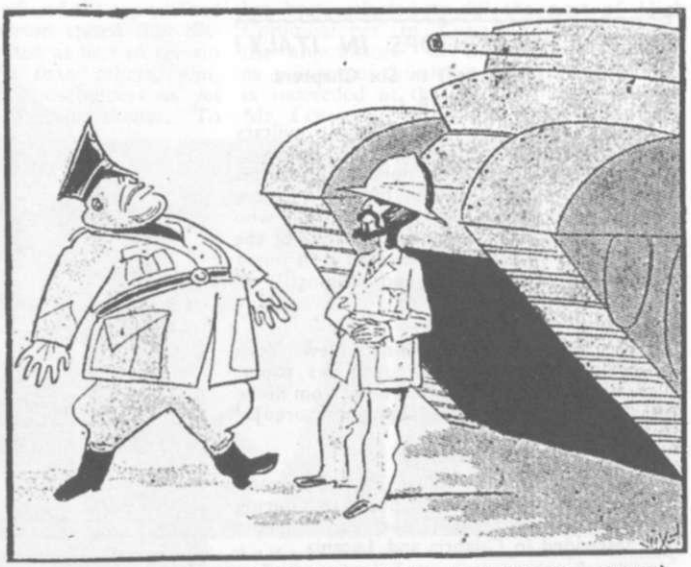
CHAPTER 6

Rome, Feb. 15. "The British parachutists captured will be treated as prisoners of war in the honourable and chivalrous manner which is characteristic of the Italian people. They will be lodged in a concentration camp, where representatives of the International Red Cross will be allowed to visit them."

LANDING is one of the chief perils that paratroops must face. This photograph, taken when Nazi parachute troops were in training, shows one of them just after coming to ground, but his parachute, caught by the wind, is still a source of danger. As told in the adjoining column, one of the British parachutists who dropped in Southern Italy broke his leg. *Photo, Pictorial Press*

Cartoon Commentary on the War

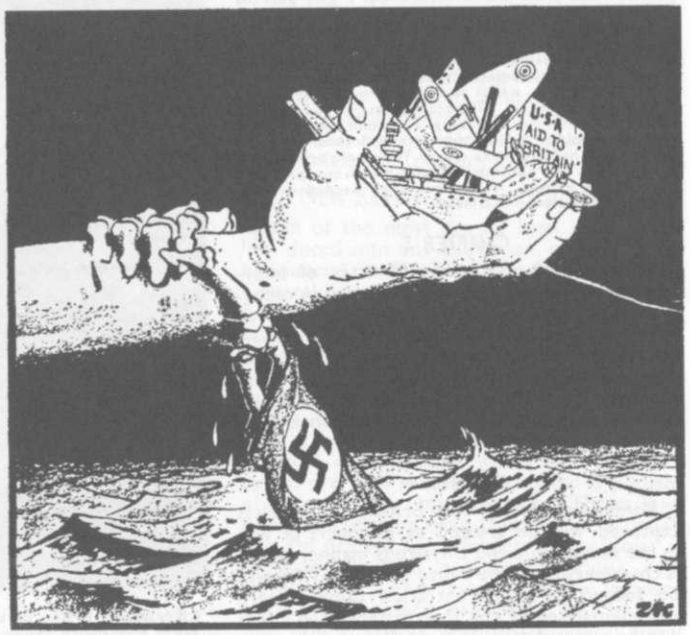
AUTHENTIC GREEK MASTERPIECE (CIRCA 1940-1)
Fitzpatrick in the "St. Louis Post-Dispatch"



"DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME, DUCE? THE BRITISH DID!"
Vicky in "Time and Tide"

"I DISAGREE"
Vicky in the "News Chronicle"

CROCODILE TEARS
Armstrong in the "Melbourne Argus"



THE GRIP THAT MUST BE BROKEN
Zec in the "Daily Mirror"

I Saw Our Shells Pour into Genoa

"At dawn this morning," said Mr. Churchill on February 9, "our Western Mediterranean Fleet bombarded in a shattering manner the naval base from which a German expedition might soon have sailed to attack Gen. Weygand." Here is a vivid eye-witness account of the sea and air operations off Genoa by a Press Association correspondent on board the battleship Malaya.

WHEN the Malaya left harbour and turned east into the Mediterranean with the Renown, the Sheffield and the Ark Royal, only a handful of people on board the ships knew the Admiral's intentions, though we guessed that something unusual was afoot. Later the thrilling words, "There is a possibility that the ship may be in action tomorrow morning," appeared in the daily orders. It looked like business too when pictures, glass light shades, and anything likely to be smashed by concussion from the guns were taken down and laid on settees, chairs, or tables.

Throughout the night we steamed at full speed. Not until the stand-to at 6 a.m. the next morning was the secret revealed . . . . A young fresh-faced midshipman told me without the faintest flicker of excitement in his voice, "We are going to bombard Genoa."

We were steaming up the Gulf of Genoa towards our target. The first gleams of day were beginning to lighten the sky and ahead I saw the big blurred outline of the Renown and the smaller dim shape of the Sheffield. Between us and the shore destroyers raced through the water guarding the bombarding ships from submarines or possible attacks from 60-knot E-boats.

Over the still invisible Italian coastline flashes of bursting A.A. shells, vividly red against the pale primrose sky, told us that the Italians were putting up a barrage against the Swordfish bombers attacking targets at Leghorn and Pisa. Then, in the growing daylight, the high snow-capped peaks of the mountain range behind Genoa appeared suddenly out of the thick white mist which blanketed the coastline.

Our 'plane was catapulted away with others from the Sheffield and the Ark Royal to act as spotters. There was no sign from the shore that our presence had been detected. The coast looked pleasantly peaceful.

The Renown turned into position. Silently we and the Sheffield turned with her. Battle pennants were run up to the mastheads. We flew the same Malay Union flag that had been hoisted when the Malaya fought in the Battle of Jutland.

A few minutes before the bombardment began we were sighted from the shore. White and green lights flickered out a challenge, "Who are you?" In a matter of seconds we sent our reply. A great spurt of red flame shot from the Renown's side as the first salvo of 15-inch shells travelled towards the distant targets. Flames flashed from the Sheffield as her 12-inch guns began to pour shells into the important Ansaldo electrical and boiler works.

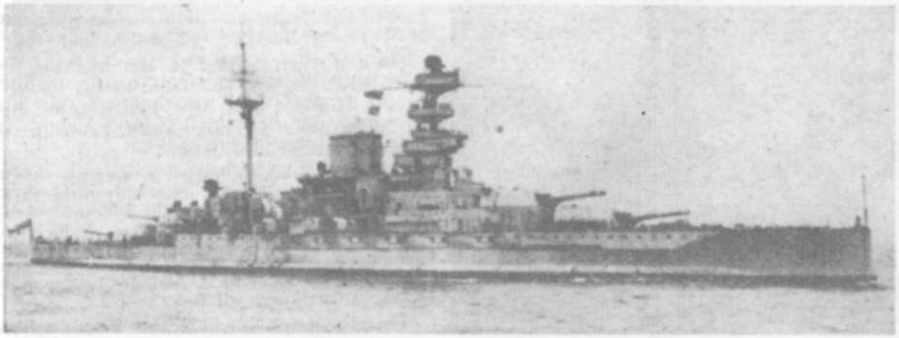
The huge 31,100-ton bulk of our ship shuddered from stem to stern as two guns of one of the forward turrets opened up. Again came the nerve-racking explosions as one of the rear turrets belched out two more ton shells. We strained our eyes towards the shore to see the bursts, and though the distance was great we twice thought we could spot a faint red glow. It was left to the 'planes to see the damage.

The Sheffield's side was almost continuously aflame as her quick-firing guns pounded the works. Our own guns were now firing regularly. The Renown, sharing with us the important objectives in the inner harbour, was firing at the same rate. We were then steaming parallel with the coast. High above the targets our spotters, dodging a hail of A.A. fire, were constantly signalling directions to the guns.

For fifteen minutes the Italian batteries failed to reply. Then came a red flash from the shore to south of the city and a white column of water shot up from the sea 1,000 yards short of the ships. More shells were fired from the shore, but the aim was so bad that the escorting destroyers abandoned the smoke screen they had started to lay.

As we steamed on our guns slewed round until towards the end of the shelling they were firing on an after bearing. With the muzzles much nearer the superstructure choking clouds of smoke and cordite fumes swept over us. Doors were blown off ann cabins were wrecked. The stout tarpaulid protecting the bridge from bad weather was ripped like paper. The Malaya's share in the bombardment had been nearly half the total weight of metal fired.

The Italian reply consisted at the most of 20 shells, mostly of small calibre, not one of which fell nearer than 500 yards. Our returning aircraft joyfully signalled the success of the bombardment as they swooped past, the observers leaning out and waving their hands above their heads . . . .



H.M.S. MALAYA played an important part in the bombardment of Genoa on February 9, an account of which is given in this page. This 31,100-ton battleship, belonging to the Queen Elizabeth class, was completed in 1915, and was given by the Federated Malay States. She has a normal complement of 1,184, and her main armament is eight 15-inch guns. (See also page 176.) *Photo, Wide World*

We Were 'Shot Up' in an Italian Ambush

In a desperate attempt to hold up the British advance on Benghazi, Italian troops laid an ambush on the main road outside Barce. Into this ambush ran a car containing a War Office photographer and two Press correspondents, Alan Moorehead of the "Daily Express" and Alexander Clifford of the "Daily Mail," who tells the following dramatic story of their escape.

IT was about 5.30 in the evening of February 5 when our foremost armoured cars swung round the corner 12 miles from Barce and found Italian engineers actually laying mines across the road.

Our truck was following close behind, and I saw the enemy scattering headlong into the bushes. In a couple of minutes our engineers were there neutralizing the mines, and we stood watching while they made the road safe.

Suddenly we saw some of the Italians racing up the tree-clad hillside, and the first armoured car nosed forward to pursue them.

Then it all began. Without warning tracer bullets were flashing all around us. Machine-gun fire zinged through the air above our heads, and heavy Breda anti-tank shells screamed down the road to explode with a deafening crack.

I flung myself into the bushes, with Moorehead beside me. Machine-guns, rifles, and heavier guns seemed to be chattering from all around us. Half a dozen Arabs laden with sacks, who had somehow got mixed up in the fight, went screaming up the hillside. I heard hobnail boots of men from the armoured cars clattering along the road.

I got to my feet and began to run. As I skirted the blazing truck I turned back and saw the driver lying in the road and the conducting officer running back to him. Another burst of fire scattered us again for a minute, but finally we got to him and pulled him into the side of the road.

Moorehead was there first, and he pulled the bandage off his own sore knee to tie up the driver's arm. Then the conducting officer arrived with first-aid kit from one of the armoured cars. We cut off the wounded man's sleeves and bound his great gaping wound.

The Italians could still see us plainly, though it was growing dusk. They must have been able to see what we were doing and they knew we were not armed. They

I WAS THERE!

were so close that I could hear them chattering excitedly among the trees and I could feel the blast of their heavy weapons on my face.

They shelled us unmercifully. As we tore the ground with our hands to get cover, Breda shells were again screaming down and bursting just beside us.

For a little while a British machine-gun poured reddish tracer bullets over our heads, but it soon stopped. Then the conducting officer gave a little gasp, and I knew he had been hit.

We were the only target left, and they were concentrating everything on us. Suddenly something bit the back of my right thigh with a sharp blow, and I waited for a wave of pain to flood over me. But it did not hurt much. It obviously was not bad.

Along the road vehicle after vehicle spurted flame. Our own 15-cwt. truck rocked and shuddered as bullets of every description crashed through it.

"God have mercy on us," somebody said. We knew the Italians had only to walk down the road and we were prisoners. But they never stopped firing. It was obvious that we were all going to be wiped out very soon. The only thing to do was to run for it.

Moorehead and I dragged the driver by his heels deeper into cover. Then, in the darkness, we began a crazy dash for safety. Every now and then the Italians spotted us among the trees and another murderous burst of accurate fire threw us to the ground. They pursued us mercilessly, and I do not know how they managed to keep sight of us in the gathering dusk.

At last we reached a newly-dug ditch and there we paused to bind up wounds. We spent something like 20 minutes crouching by the road. The driver had lost plenty of blood. He behaved magnificently, but he could not walk without assistance.

I undid the conducting officer's wrist-watch and found a neat hole where a bullet had gone in and had not come out. We poured a phial of iodine on it and bound it up with wound dressing and hoped for the best.

The firing had died to almost nothing and we pushed on into the night. Dodging among bushes, careful not to get too near the road and not too far away, we made the eerie journey. We talked in low voices in case enemy patrols were near, and we did not light cigarettes.

The driver got cold, and I gave him my greatcoat. We wondered how far we would have to go. The photographer revealed that he had been hit slightly in the leg, and the driver was now very weak.

Suddenly we heard voices, and they were English. We hailed them, and we were safe.

A Bren-gun carrier took us aboard and back to a field dressing station. All our wounds were attended to. We got hot tea.

All was quiet behind us, and we knew the ambush had finished with our departure. Australian infantry were creeping round the hills, but the Italians had undoubtedly cleared off when their job was finished.

An officer and the driver were taken off in an ambulance. Moorehead and I slept in the dressing station. The army moved on.

'I Headed My Machine for the Marshes'

Although diving at a speed which he estimated at "round about 700 m.p.h.," the pilot of a Spitfire managed to head his blazing machine away from a Thames Estuary village and baled out over the marshes. This story, which had an interesting sequel, is told below in the pilot's own words.

THE pilot who "saved" the village returned to his station after a spell in hospital to have a piece of bullet extracted from his leg. He then told the following story :

Our squadron had chased a few Messerschmitts across the Channel to the French coast, and over there we got split up. We decided to return climbing back over the English Channel until we were all together again at 26,000 feet over the Thames Estuary.

Suddenly I was "jumped on" from out of the sun by a few Messerschmitts. First they hit my tail, and my controls went all sloppy. That, I think, was a cannon shell. I immediately tried to get away, but a moment later incendiary bullets hit my engine. Then a bullet came through the side of the cockpit and went through my left boot, and a split second afterwards another bullet crashed through the side, struck the metal under my seat, and split into two parts. One piece went harmlessly away, the other went into my right leg just above the ankle.

Then I was adjusting my compass when a hail of machine-gun bullets came through my hood and shattered my instrument panel, and a second after I had taken my hand away from the compass it was shattered by further bullets. The only instruments left O.K. were my altimeter and my air speed indicator. There were more bullets still to come in. One lot tore my hood completely away. One bullet came from the side and across my stomach, lodging in the release clasp of my parachute. Then another bullet took my left earphone away, bruising my helmet and taking away my goggles.

I rolled over on my back, headed my machine for the marshes and went into a steep, inverted dive. I saw my airspeed indicator leaping up, and it got between 650 m.p.h. and 700 m.p.h. with the throttle wide open. At about 6,000 feet the aircraft caught fire, and then she straightened out on her side and went in a slight dive, almost horizontal, in a sort of fluttering way. This gave me a chance to free myself from the machine, and at about 4,000 feet I baled out.

It was pleasant when I got out, but it wasn't pleasant watching my Spitfire going down. Just as I pulled the rip cord, she hit the mud. There was a blinding flash, and a cloud of black smoke hung like a pall over the spot. The Spitfire had disappeared. Soon I had to think about myself, for I was right over the mud of the Thames. I came down, and the parachute dragged me, face downwards, through the mud until it finally collapsed. While it was dragging me along I must have looked like a porpoise going up and down through the mud.

A man who is a Home Guard in his spare time came in gumboots to my rescue. He helped me out, and then there arose the problem of how to get me clean. I went into a yard and they threw buckets of water over me—warm water, luckily. They also got a stirrup-pump and squirted me with that. Then I took all my clothes off and was washed a bit more, and put on a suit of clothes lent to me by the Home Guard.

I had my leg patched up, and after a few hours was driven back to my home station. I arrived there at 10.30 at night, and all the boys got a good laugh, seeing me in a suit which was too small for me, with the trousers half way up my calves !

Thanks from the Villagers He Had Saved

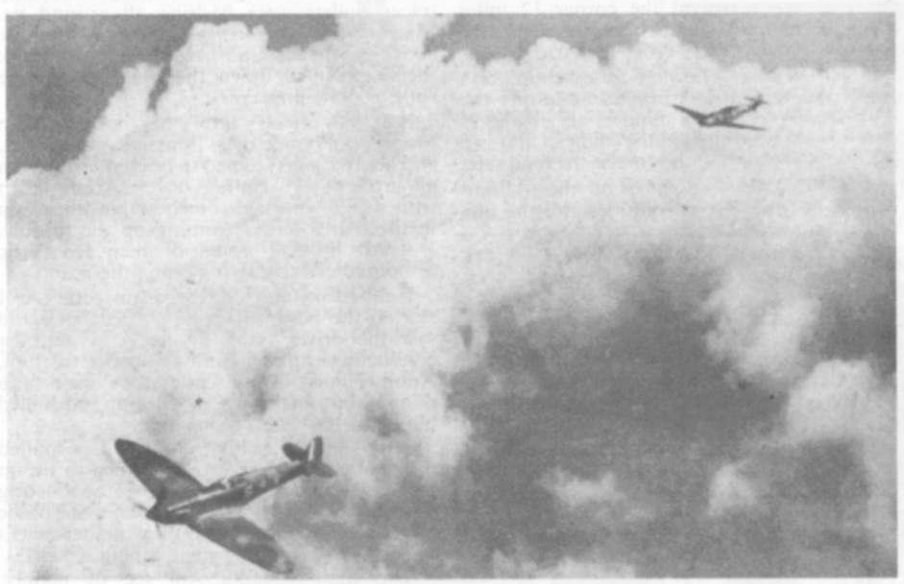
A FEW days later, the officer commanding the fighter station to which this pilot belonged, received the following letter :

Dear Sir, The people of a very small village in north-east Kent would very much like to thank the pilot of a 'fighter 'plane who baled out over some marshes, for staying at his controls and steering his damaged 'plane away from the village and a factory which is in the vicinity before baling out. Hearty congratulations and good luck always !

As a further sequel to the incident, the pilot while in hospital wrote to the member of the Home Guard who had dragged him from the mud, thanking him for his help. In reply he received this letter :

Dear Sir, I hardly know how to reply to your very nice letter. It gives the people of the village and myself the greatest pleasure to know you are recovering from your wounds. . . . Now, sir, I am going to write : it is not myself who wants thanking for so small a deed, but you and your fellow pals who show such splendid courage above our heads from dawn till dusk."

Then the letter concluded : "Please believe me when I say : you and your pals will always find a pair of willing hands down here if any of you ever again have to bale out, whether in mud, water or fire."



Out of the clouds comes a Messerschmitt to attack a British fighter, an incident such as that described in this page. The photograph was taken from a German 'plane and was published to show the Luftwaffe's superiority over the R.A.F. The actual figures of fighters brought down show that it is very seldom that the tables are thus turned. *Photo, Associated Press*

Italian Generals—and an Admiral—'In the Bag'

"BERGANZOLI'S in the bag!" was the dramatic message sent back from the tanks which smashed their way into the heart of the Italian forces retreating from Benghazi. But "Electric Whiskers" was not the only general to become a prisoner-of-war in the Battle of Soluk.

"There is a little brown villa in this dreary village," wrote the Special Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" from Soluk on February 11. "It houses almost more Italian officers than it can hold. I found six Italian generals together in a room. Squat, grey-bearded Çona, an army commander, stood apart, silent and pensive. Bignani, a Bersaglieri commander, talked in undertones with Megroni, chief of the technical services. Giuliano, Tellera's chief-of-staff, was looking out of the window with Bardini, commander of the motorized forces. Villani, artillery commander, was writing busily in a note-book.

They told me that Berganzoli was outside, sitting in a car in the muddy courtyard; but it was not the same brisk, dynamic figure whom I had seen continue directing the battle after he had been wounded in an Aragon village during the Spanish civil war. It was a kindly, rather gentle old man. The old fire was gone. He seemed older, more bowed, and even his ginger-coloured 'electric whiskers' did not seem to bristle so fiercely. He remembered me, and the old light came back into his eyes for a moment; but it faded when I asked him about Bardia. 'It was a miracle,' he said, and when I suggested that he had blundered at Benghazi and left too late, he said swiftly, 'I had to obey orders. The British had superior forces.'" Soon Berganzoli and his generals were on their way to Egypt.

When Tobruk fell on January 22, 1941, Admiral Vietina, commander of the naval base, was among the prisoners. Above the Admiral, centre, and an Italian naval captain, right, are being interrogated by a British staff officer in battle dress, left. Below three Italian generals taken prisoner at Sidi Barrani are arriving at Cairo with their staffs.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

'We Shall Fight in the Fields, In the Streets'

Every night, all night, turn and turn about, the headquarters sentry keeps watch over the sleeping village. In sudden emergency his comrades of the guard are within instant call. Nine months of eager training have gone far in teaching them the art of modern warfare.

IT was after midnight when we left the village to climb the hill. It is a stiff climb, and the wind pierced the thickest greatcoat.

Only men with a set purpose would climb the hill on such a night as this.

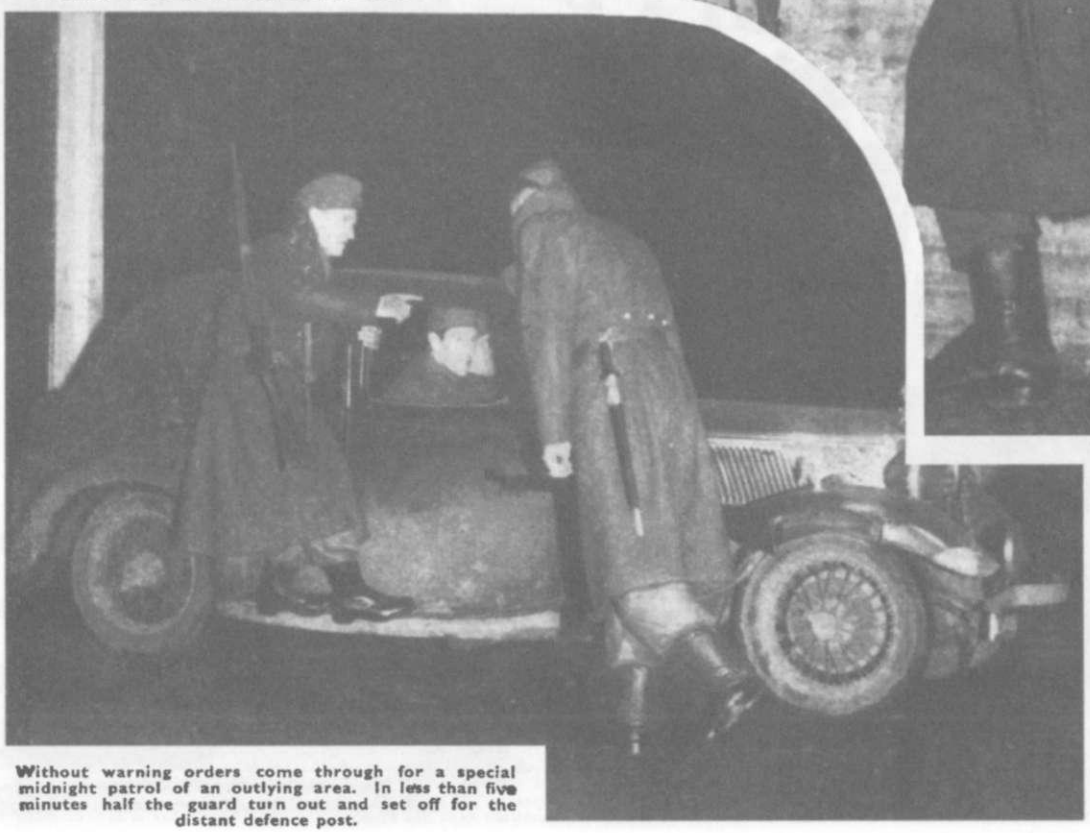
Our purpose had been set for us. I was out with a patrol of the Aston Clinton platoon of the Home Guard, fulfilling an instruction to go up to " High Point " and see if all was well there.

There were four men in this patrol, including the section leader, who told me he had worn the Queen's—that is, Queen Victoria's—uniform. All four knew the ground well, for this was the platoon's fixed observation post last summer when parachute-spotting was the chief preoccupation of the L.D.V.

We tramped the windswept hilltop, back and forth, our boots crunching the frozen crust of snow, and, finding nothing untoward, returned to Platoon H.Q. to report all well.

Returning the challenge of the sentry outside H.Q., we passed into the warmth and light of the hut. Sausages were sizzling in a pan on the stove. The teapot waited for the kettle to boil.

Counting the sentry, eight men were on duty : a sub-section of the platoon. There are eight sub-sections, and all take in rotation a night of " lying-in " duty. Hours : 8 p.m. to 6 a.m. It doesn't seem much, one night



Without warning orders come through for a special midnight patrol of an outlying area. In less than five minutes half the guard turn out and set off for the distant defence post.

The post is inspected inside and out, and a member of the patrol left on guard with his automatic rifle. Well-equipped and armed, ready to meet any emergency, these men of the Aston Clinton platoon of the Buckinghamshire Home Guard are typical of those who answered the call for a citizen army throughout the country.

Photographs specially taken for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by John Heddon*

Night In, Night Out, the H.G. Never Sleeps

in eight ; but there are drills or lectures every Wednesday night as well, and on Sunday mornings there is always something on—field operations, musketry practice or a full-dress rehearsal of an invasion alarm.

Captain de L. Leach, Acting Platoon Commander, was busy with plans for such a rehearsal when I returned with the patrol. He spoke enthusiastically of all his men : "I couldn't have wished for a better lot of chaps."

A YEAR ago many of these men, although living in the same parish, were strangers to each other. Came that memorable evening in May when Mr. Eden, then War Minister, broadcast his appeal for Local Defence Volunteers in every town and village.

The three neighbouring parishes of Aston Clinton, Buckland and Drayton Beauchamp made the same ready response as everywhere else. The volunteers were asked to report at the house of Air Commodore P. F. M. Fellowes.

They met in the garden : farmers and farm labourers, grocers, building workers, stock-brokers and solicitors, publicans, insurance agents. With Air Commodore Fellowes as commander the platoon was formed. The district was divided into eight sectors, to be patrolled at dawn and dusk.

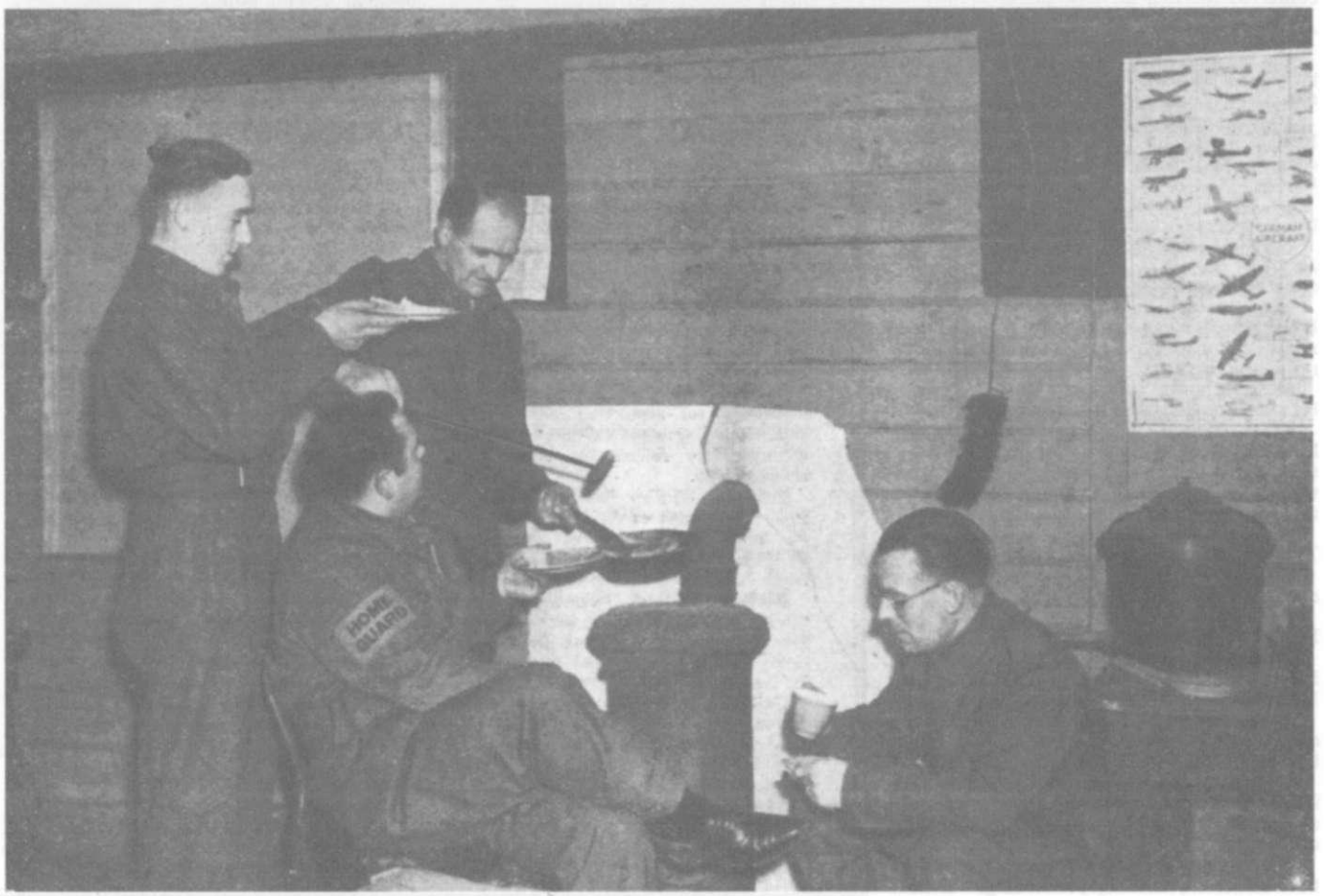
The volunteers had no uniform. Their weapons were any they could lay their hands on. During those anxious days and nights that followed Dunkirk, the patrols were out, morning and evening, always in pairs. Cars were stopped during Alerts. Suspicious-looking strangers were challenged. Mysterious lights were tracked down.

And all this time the work of fortifying Aston Clinton was pressed with feverish haste. The danger that threatened villa and cottage alike was enough to break down all conventional reserve and to found friendships that will long outlive this war. The platoon is now at full strength, with ample reserves of eager youths to fill the gaps as members are called up for the Army; and it is well equipped.

As I drank my tea a hefty printing worker, who is in charge of the armoury, fondled an automatic rifle as if it were a pet. A journalist buttoned up his greatcoat and went out to relieve the garage worker who had completed his two hours' sentry go. I went out with my brother-journalist. "The Home Guard," he said, as he took up his post, "was a stroke of genius, don't you think ? Men will fight to the last for their own homes."

Meanwhile, his companions make a rapid tour of the surrounding district, immediately challenging anyone unknown to them and examining identification cards. Everything is found in order and the patrol returns to headquarters to report. Before turning in again, tea and sausages claim their active attention, below.

Story by William Forrest, retold here by courtesy of the "News Chronicle"



OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

TUESDAY, FEB. 11, 1941 *528th day*

On the Sea—British warships bombarded port of Ostend in early hours, causing much damage and many destructive fires.

In the Air—Fighter Command aircraft made offensive sweep over Northern France.

Aircraft of Bomber and Coastal Commands made night attacks on targets in N.W. Germany, Holland, Norway and Denmark, including seaplane base at Thisted, Jutland.

War against Italy—Operations on all African fronts proceeding satisfactorily. In East Africa R.A.F. bombed aerodrome at Addis Ababa and raided Keren-Asmara area.

King's African Rifles took Afmadu, 100 miles inside Italian Somaliland.

During nights of 10-11 and 11-12 R.A.F. bombers heavily attacked aerodromes on island of Rhodes.

Five-hour raid on aerodromes at Comiso and Catania (Sicily) during night of 11-12.

Home Front—Nazi aircraft reported over East Midlands and East Anglia. At night few bombs fell in East and S.E. England.

Greek War—Athens reported successful local operations and more 'planes shot down.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12 *529th day*

On the Sea—H.M. drifter Eager shot down a Junkers bomber.

War against Italy—In Eritrea British forces occupied Elghena. Operations about Keren developing. R.A.F. very active in support. No change on other African fronts.

Home Front—No day raids reported over Britain. At night there was slight activity near western coasts, but few bombs fell. Some casualties occurred in South Wales.

Enemy bomber destroyed in East Scotland.

Greek War—North-west of Trebesina Greeks reported to have captured new heights and also to have occupied important positions north-east of Himara.

General—Mussolini and Franco met and conferred together at Bordighera.

THURSDAY, FEB. 13 *530th day*

On the Sea—Six ships in British convoy between Madeira and Azores sunk by German surface raider.

War against Italy—British troops about Keren improved their positions in hills covering the town. Farther south advance towards Arresa progressed satisfactorily.

In Hobok district, Abyssinia, S. African troops extended area of penetration.

On night of 12-13 heavy bombers of R.A.F. attacked harbour of Rhodes. Enemy aircraft bombed Malta.

Home Front—During day bombs fell in East Anglia and north of Scotland. At night bombs were dropped in London residential district, causing many casualties.

Messerschmitt attacking Dover balloon barrage was damaged by Spitfire.

Greek War—Athens reported successful local operations against heights of more than 6,000 feet, enemy being expelled from their positions. R.A.F. made repeated attacks in Tepelini area and on Elbasan.

During night of 12-13 aerodromes at Tirana and Durazzo were bombed.

General—Marshal Pétain received and conferred with Gen. Franco at Montpellier.

FRIDAY, FEB. 14 *531st day*

On the Sea—On night of 13-14 aircraft of Fleet Air Arm attacked convoy in Central Mediterranean, sinking one merchant vessel.

In the Air—R.A.F. made daylight sweep over German invasion ports and at night bomber formations again attacked them.

Night attacks made on Gelsenkirchen, inland port of Duisberg-Ruhrort and docks at Ostend. German oil tanker hit by Blenheim off Bergen.

War against Italy—Operations for reduction of Keren, Eritrea, proceeding. British reoccupied Kurmuk, Abyssinia. S. African Air Force bombed Bardera.

On night of 13-14 R.A.F. bombed aerodromes in Dodecanese.

Rome reported that during night of Feb. 10-11 British parachute detachments had landed in Lucania district of Calabria, but had been captured.

Home Front—British fighters drove back strong German formations from S.E. coast and air battle took place over Channel. One Messerschmitt shot down.

Single enemy aircraft dropped bombs in N.E. Scotland and in Kent. At night incendiaries fell over London, but fires were prevented. Raiders also reported from East Anglia and elsewhere. Enemy bomber shot down off East Coast by A.A. fire.

Greek War—New Greek offensive along 80-mile front; over 7,000 prisoners captured. R.A.F. bombers maintained attacks north of Tepelini.

General—Hitler had 3-hours' talk with Yugoslav Premier and Foreign Minister.

SATURDAY, FEB. 15 *532nd day*

In the Air—R.A.F. made night attacks on targets in Western Ruhr. Other aircraft raided Channel ports, Boulogne being main point of attack. Calais docks bombed by aircraft of Coastal Command.

War against Italy—Concentration of troops about Keren proceeding.

Cairo announced that South African troops had occupied Kismayu, It. Somaliland, and that Queissan, Abyssinia, had been captured by units of Sudan Defence Force.

On night of 14-15 R.A.F. bombed Lindos harbour (Rhodes).

Ministry of Information confirmed that parachute troops had landed in S. Italy.

Home Front—Single enemy aircraft made daylight raids on Britain. Large formation crossing Kent coast beaten back by Spitfires. Two enemy bombers destroyed.

At night few bombs fell in London area, and incendiaries in Liverpool district. Three enemy bombers brought down at night.

Greek War—Italian Eleventh Army routed in Moskopoli-Tepelini sector. R.A.F. carried out raids in Buzi area and offensive patrols north of Tepelini.

SUNDAY, FEB. 16 *533rd day*

In the Air—Leaflets dropped over Cracow and Katovice areas of Poland by R.A.F. during night of 15-16.

Bomber Command made daylight attacks on harbour at Hellevoetsluis, shipping off Dutch coast, and targets at Zeebrugge, Middelburg and Den Helder.

War against Italy—Continued support by R.A.F. in Keren region. Heavy damage done at Mai Adaga. Dive bombers attacked Italian posts on east bank of Juba river, Abyssinia.

R.A.F. bombed aerodromes at Brindisi and in Sicily on night of 15-16. Malta raided ten times.

Home Front—Some enemy day activity by single aircraft. Bombs fell in London area and at some places in eastern and S.E. England and Home Counties. At night bombs fell in E. Anglia and N.E. coast town.

Enemy bomber shot down at Shoreham.

Greek War—R.A.F. attacked enemy positions in Buzi area, north of Tepelini.

MONDAY, FEB. 17 *534th day*

War against Italy—Cairo reported situation unchanged in Libya and Eritrea. In Italian Somaliland enemy now driven back to line of Juba river.

Home Front—During day few bombs fell in East and South-east England and north of Scotland. At night incendiaries and high explosives caused casualties and damage in London and an East Anglian town. London shelter received direct hit.

Two German bombers destroyed off Norfolk coast by British fighters, and another damaged. At night three were shot down, one by a fighter, the others by A.A. fire.

Greek War—Athens reported successful local attacks in which enemy were driven back at several points.

General—Turkey and Bulgaria issued joint statement reaffirming policy of non-aggression.

OUR EAST AFRICAN GAZETTEER

Addis Ababa. Cap. of Abyssinia; pop. 150,000; founded in 1885, it was made the capital by Menelek II in 1892; lies among mountains in Shoa; connected by railway with Jibuti in Fr. Somaliland. A motor road runs to Asmara.

Agordat. Eritrea; captured by British on February 2, 1941; 55 miles west of Keren; terminus of Eritrea's only railway, which runs 193 miles east to the coast at Massawa.

Asmara. Cap. of Eritrea; 74 miles south-west of Massawa; contains fine public buildings and Governor's residence. Occupied by Italians in 1889. Pop. about 80,000.

Barentu. Italian base in Eritrea, 40 miles south-west of Agordat, and about 50 miles north-west of Abyssinian frontier. Captured by British on February 3, 1941; was important air base.

Berbera. British Somaliland; chief town and port; 155 miles south of Aden; fine harbour. Pop. about 20,000; became British in 1884 and was occupied by Italians in August 1940.

Gallabat. Fortified village on Sudan-Abyssinian frontier; taken by Italians in July 1940, it was recaptured by British in November. About 100 miles south from Kassala.

Gondar. Abyssinia; cap. of Province of Amhara, 24 miles north-east of Lake Tsana; built on a hill at an altitude of 6,000 ft. Pop. about 22,000.

Harar. Abyssinia; ancient walled city, 200 miles west of Berbera; stands at an elevation of 6,000 ft.; formerly a large trading centre and noted for coffee. Pop. about 30,000, which includes many Italian colonists.

Jibuti (Djibouti). Capital of French Somaliland; seaport on African coast opposite Aden; terminus of railway to Addis Ababa (496 miles); extensive harbour works and of strategic importance. Pop. about 20,000.

Kassala. Anglo-Egyptian Sudan; on R.Gash, 260 miles south-east of Khartoum; at foot of Abyssinian highlands, 15 miles west of Eritrean frontier. Founded by Egyptians in 1840 and taken by Italians in July 1940, it was recaptured by British in January 1941.

Keren. Eritrea; on railway between Agordat and Massawa; 70 miles north-west of Asmara; strongly defended by Italians who withdrew here after their defeat at Agordat in Feb. 1941; of considerable strategic importance, since it guards Asmara and route to coast.

Massawa (Massura). Chief port of Eritrea; built on small coral island in Red Sea, it is joined to coast by a causeway, one mile in length; occupied by Italians in 1885. Pop. 20,000.

Mogadishu (Mogadiscio). Capital of Italian Somaliland (Somalia Italiana); chief port; acquired by Italy in 1905. Pop. about 50,000 (8,000 Italians).